THE
Souldiers Fortune:
A
COMEDY.
Acted by their
Royal Highneſſes
SERVANTS
AT THE
Duke's Theatre.

Written by *THOMAS OTWAY.*

Quem recitas meus eſt O Fidentine libellus,
Sed male cum recitas incipit eſſe tuus.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bentley* and *S. Magnes*, at the Poſt-Houſe in *Ruſſel-Street* in *Covent-Garden*, 1683.

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THE

DEDICATION.

Mr. Bentley,

I Have often (during this Plays being in the Preſs) been importun'd for a Preface; which you, I ſuppoſe, would have ſpeak ſomething in Vindication of the Comedy: Now to pleaſe you, Mr. Bentley, *I will as briefly as I can ſpeak my mind upon that occaſion, which you may be pleas'd to accept of, both as a Dedication to your ſelf, and next as a Preface to the Book.*

And I am not a little proud, that it has happened into my thoughts to be the firſt who in theſe latter years has made an Epiſtle Dedicatory to his Stationer: It is a Complement as reaſonable as it is Juſt. For, Mr. Bentley, *you pay honeſtly for the Copy; and an Epiſtle to you is a ſort of an Acquittance, and may be probably welcome; when to a Perſon of higher Rank and Order, it looks like an Obligation for Praiſes, which he knows he does not deſerve, and therefore is very unwilling to part with ready Money for.*

As to the Vindication of this Comedy, between Friends and Acquaintance, I believe it is poſſible, that as much may be ſaid in it's behalf, as heretofore has been for a great many others. But of all the Apiſh qualities about me, I have not that of being fond of my own Iſſue; nay, I muſt confeſs my ſelf a very unnatural Parent, for when it is once brought into the World, E'en let the Brat ſhift for it ſelf, I ſay.

The Objections made againſt the merit of this poor Play, I muſt confeſs, are very grievous.

Firſt ſays a Lady, that ſhall be nameleſs, becauſe the World may think civilly of her; Fogh! oh Sherreu, *'tis ſo filthy, ſo bawdy, no modeſt Woman ought to be ſeen at it: Let me dye, it has made me ſick: When the World lies, Mr.* Bentley, *if that very Lady has not eaſily digeſted a much ranker morſelina little Ale-houſe towards* Paddington, *and never made a Face at it: But your true Jilt is a Creature that can extract Bawdy out of the chaſteſt ſence, as eaſily as a Spider can Poiſon out of a Roſe: They know true Bawdy, let it be never ſo much conceal'd, as perfectly as* Falſtaff *did the true Prince by inſtinct. They will ſeparate the true Metal from the Allay let us temper it as well as we can; ſome Women are the Touch-ſtones of filthineſs. Though I have heard a Lady (that has more modeſty than any of thoſe ſhe Criticks, and I am ſure more*

wit)

wit) ſay, She wonder'd at the impudence of any of her Sex, that would pretend to underſtand the thing call'd Bawdy. So, Mr. Bentley, *for ought I perceive, my Play may be innoccent yet, and the Lady miſtaken in pretending to the knowledge of a Myſtery above her; though, to ſpeak honeſtly, ſhe has had beſides her Wit a liberal Education; and if we may credit the World has not buried her Talent neither.*

This is, Mr. Bentley, *all I can ſay in behalf of my Play: Wherefore I throw it into Your Arms, make the beſt of it you can; praiſe it to your Cuſtomers: Sell ten thouſand of them if poſſible, and then you will compleat the wiſhes of*

Your Friend and Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CApt. *Beaugard.*	Mr. *Betterton.*
Courtine.	Mr. *Smith.*
Sir *Davy Dunce.*	Mr. *Nokes.*
Sir *Jolly Jumble.*	Mr. *Leigh.*
Fourbin, A Servant to *Beaugard.*	Mr. *Jevon.*
Bloody-Bones.	Mr. *Richards.*
Vermin A Servant to Sir *Davy.*	A Boy.
Lady *Dunce.*	Mrs. *Barry.*
Sylvia.	Mrs. *Price.*
Maid.	

A Conſtable, and Watch.

SCENE, London.

THE Souldiers Fortune.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Beaugard, Courtine, *and* Courbin.

Beau. A Pox o' Fortune! Thou art always teizing me about Fortune: Thou riſeſt in a Morning with ill luck in thy Mouth; Nay, never eateſt a Dinner, but thou ſigheſt two hours after it, with thinking where to get the next. Fortune be damn'd, ſince the worlds ſo wide.

Cour. As wide as it is, 'tis ſo throng'd and cramm'd with Knaves and Fools, that an honeſt man can hardly get a living in it.

Beau. Do, rail, *Courtine*, do, it may get thee employment.

Cour. At you I ought to rail; 'twas your fault we left our Employments abroad to come home, and be Loyal, and now we as Loyally ſtarve for it.

Beau. Did not thy Anceſtors do it before thee, man? I tell thee, Loyalty and Starving are all one: The old Cavaliers got ſuch a trick of it in the Kings Exile, that their Poſterity could never thrive ſince.

Cour. 'Tis a fine Equipage I am like to be reduc'd to, *I* ſhall be e're long as greaſy as an *Alſatia* Bully; this a flopping Hat, pin'd up on one ſide, with a ſandy weather-beaten Perruque, dirty Linnen, and to compleat the Figure, a long ſcandalous Iron Sword jarring at my Heels, like a———

Beau. Snarling thou meaneſt like it's Maſter.

Cour. My Companion's the worthy Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Poſt: Your Peripatetick Philoſophers of the Temple walks, Rogues in Rags, and yet not honeſt: Villains that undervalue Damnation, will forſwear themſelves for a Dinner, and hang their Fathers for half a Crown.

Beau. I am aſham'd to hear a Souldier talk of ſtarving.

Cour. Why, what ſhall I do? I can't ſteal!———

Beau. Though thou canſt not ſteal, thou haſt other vices enough for any Induſtrious young fellow to live comfortably upon.

Cour. What wouldſt thou have me turn Raſcal, and run cheating up

and down the Town for a livelihood? I would no more keep a Block-head company, and endure his Nauſeous non-ſenſe in hopes to get him, then I would be a drudge to an old Woman, with Rheumatick Eyes, hollow Teeth, and ſtinking breath, for a penſion: Of all Rogues I would not be a Foolmonger.

Beau. How well this niceneſs becomes thee! I'd fain ſee thee ee'n turn Parſon in a pet, o' purpoſe to rail at all thoſe vices which I know thou naturally art fond of: Why ſurely an Old Ladies penſion need not be ſo deſpicable in the eyes of a disbanded Officer, as times go Friend.

Cour. I am glad, *Beaugard*, you think ſo.

Beau. Why thou ſhalt think ſo too man; be rul'd by me, and I'll bring thee into good company, Families, *Courtine*, Families, and ſuch Families, where formality's a ſcandal, and pleaſure is the buſ'neſs, where the Women are all Wanton, and the Men are all Witty, you Rogue.

Cour. What ſome of your Worſhips *Wapping* acquaintance that you made laſt time you came over for recruits, and Spirited away your Landladies Daughter, a Volunteering with you into *France*.

Beau. I'll bring thee, *Courtine*, where Cuckoldom's in credit, and lewdneſs lawdable, where thou ſhalt wallow in pleaſures and preferments, revel all day, and every Night lye in the Arms of melting beauty, ſweet as Roſes, and as Springs refreſhing.

Cour. Prithee don't talk thus: I had rather thou wouldeſt tell me where new Levies are to be rais'd; a Pox of Whores when a man has not Money to make 'em Comfortable.

Beau. That ſhall ſhower upon us in abundance, and for inſtance, know to thy everlaſting amazement, all this dropt out of the Clouds to day.

Cour. Hah! Gold by this light!——

Fourb. Out of the Clouds!——

Beau. Ay Gold! does it not ſmell of the ſweet hand that ſent it, ſmell ——ſmell you dog—— [*To* Fourbin.

Fourbin *ſmells to the handful of gold, and gathers up ſome pieces in his Mouth.*

Four. Truly, Sir, of Heavenly ſweetneſs: and very refreſhing.

Cour. Dear, *Beaugard*, if thou haſt any good Nature in thee; if thou wouldſt not have me hang my ſelf before my time, tell me where the Devil haunts that helpt thee to this, that I may go make a bargain with him preſently: Speak, ſpeak, or I am a loſt Man.

Beau. Why thou muſt know this Devil which I have given my Soul to already, and muſt, I ſuppoſe, have my body very ſpeedily, lives I know not where, and may for ought *I* know be a real Devil, but if it be, 'tis the beſt natur'd Devil under *Beelzebubs* dominion, that I'll ſwear to.

Cour. But how came the gold then

Beau. To deal freely with my Friend, I am lately happen'd into the acquaintance of a very Reverend pimp, as fine a diſcreet, ſober, gray-bearded old Gentleman as one would wiſh; as good a natur'd publick ſpirited Perſon as the Nation holds; one that is never ſo happy as when he is bringing good people together, and promoting civil underſtanding betwixt

betwixt the Sexes; Nay, rather than want employment, he will go from one end of the Town to t'other to procure my Lords little Dog to be civil to my Ladies little languiſhing Bitch.

Cour. A very worthy Member of the Common-Wealth!

Beau. This noble Perſon one day———but *Fourbin* can give you a more particular account of the matter; ſweet Sir if you pleaſe tell us the ſtory of the firſt encounter betwixt you and Sir *Folly Fumble*, you muſt know that's his Title?

Fourb. Sir, it ſhall be done———walking one day upon the *Piazza* about three of the Clock i'th' After-Noon, to get me a Stomach to my dinner, *I* chanc'd to encounter a Perſon of goodly preſence, and worthy appearance, his Beard and Hair white, grave and comely, his countenance ruddy, plump, ſmooth and chearful; who perceiving me alſo equipt as I am with a Meen and Air which might well inform him, I was a Perſon of no inconſiderable quality, came very reſpectfully up to me, and after the uſual ceremonies between Perſons of parts and breeding had paſt, very humbly enquired of me what is it a Clock—I preſently underſtood by the queſtion, that he was a man of parts and buſineſs, told him, *I* did preſume it was at moſt but nicely turn'd of three.

Beau. Very Court-like, civil, quaint, and new I think.

Fourb. The freedom of commerce increaſing, after ſome little inconſiderable queſtions *pour paſſer le temps*, and ſo he was pleaſed to offer me the courteſie of a glaſs of Wine: I told him I very ſeldome drank, but if he ſo pleas'd, I would do my ſelf the honour to preſent him with a diſh of meat at an eating Houſe hard by, where I had an intereſt.

Cour. Very well: I think this Squire of thine, *Beaugard*, is as accompliſht a Perſon as any of the employment I ever ſaw.

Beaug. Let the Rogue go on.

Four. In ſhort, we agreed and went together, as ſoon as we entred the Room: I am your moſt humble Servant, Sir, ſays he———I am the meaneſt of your Vaſſals, Sir, ſaid I—I am very happy in lighting into the acquaintance of ſo worthy a Gentleman as you appear to be, Sir, ſaid he again—worthy, Sir *Folly*, then came I upon him again on t'other ſide (for you muſt know by that time I had grop't out his Title) *I* kiſs your hands from the Bottom of my heart, which *I* ſhall be always ready to lay at your Feet.

Cour. Well, *Fourbin*, and what reply'd the Knight then?

Four. Nothing, he had nothing to ſay; his ſenſe was tranſported with admiration of my parts; ſo we ſat down, and after ſome panſe, he deſired to know by what title he was to diſtinguiſh the perſon that had ſo highly honoured him———

Beau. That is as much as to ſay, Sir, whoſe Raſcal you were.

Four. Sir, you may make as bold with your poor Slave as you pleaſe ——I told him thoſe that knew me well, were pleaſed to call me the Chevalier *Fourbin*, that I was a Cadel of the Ancient Family of the *Fourbinois*; and that *I* had had the honour of ſerving the great Monarch of *France* in his Wars in *Flanders*, where I contracted great Familiarity,

and Intimacy with a gallant Officer of the *English* Troops in that ſervice, one Captain *Beaugard*.

Beau. Oh, Sir, you did me too much honour, what a true bred Rogue's this!——

Cour. Well, but the Money, *Fourbin*, the Money.

Four. Beaugard, hum *Beaugard*, ſays he!—ay it muſt be ſo,—a black man, is he not?——ay, ſays I, blackiſh——a dark brown——full Fac't—yes,——a ſly ſubtle obſerving eye?——the ſame——a ſtrong built well made man?——right——a deviliſh fellow for a Wench, a deviliſh fellow for a wench, I warrant him; a thundring Rogue upon occaſion, *Beaugard!* a Thundring fellow for a Wench, I muſt be acquainted with him.

Cour. But to the money, the money man, that's the thing I would be acquainted withall.

Beau. This civil Gentleman of the Chevaliers acquaintance comes yeſterday morning to my Lodging, and ſeeing my Picture in Minature upon the Toylet, told me with the greateſt extaſie in the World, that was the thing he came to me about: He told me there was a Lady of his acquaintance had ſome favourable thoughts of me, and *I* gad, ſays he, ſhe's a hummer, ſuch a *bona Roba* ah-h-h. So without more ado begs me to lend it him till dinner (for we concluded to eat together) ſo away he ſcuttled with as great joy as if he had found the Philoſophers ſtone.

Cour. Very well.

Beau. At *Lockets* we met again: where after a thouſand grimaces, to ſhew how much he was pleas'd, inſtead of my Picture, preſents me with the contents aforeſaid; and told me the Lady deſired me to accept of 'em for the Picture, which ſhe was much tranſported withall, as well as with the Original.

Cour. Hah!——

Beau. Now, whereabouts this taking quality lies in me, the Devil take me Ned if I know: But the Fates Ned, the Fates!

Cour. A Curſe on the Fates! Of all Strumpets Fortune's the baſeſt, 'twas Fortune made me a Souldier, a Rogue in Red, the grievance of the Nation, Fortune made the peace juſt when we were upon the brink of a War; then Fortune disbanded us, and loſt us two Months pay: Fortune gave us Debentures inſtead of ready Money, and by very good Fortune I ſold mine, and loſt heartily by it, in hopes the grinding ill-natur'd dog that bought it will never get a ſhilling for't——

Beaug. Leave off thy railing for ſhame, it looks like a Cur that barks for want of bones; come times may mend, and an honeſt Souldier be in faſhion again——

Cour. Theſe greaſie, fat, unweildy wheeting Rogues, that live at home, and brood over their bags, when a fit of fear's upon 'em, then if one of us paſs but by, all the Family is ready at the door to cry, Heavens bleſs you, Sir, The Laird go along with you.

Beau. Ah good men, what pity 'tis ſuch proper Gentlemen ſhould ever be out of Employment.

Cour. But when the buſ'neſs is over, then every Parriſh Bawd that goes

goes but to a Conventicle twice a VVeek, and pays but ſcot and lot to the Pariſh, ſhall roar out fogh, ye Lowſy Red-coat rake-hells! hout ye Caterpillars, ye Locuſts of the Nation; you are the Dogs that would enſlave us all, plunder our Shops, and raviſh our Daughters, ye Scoundrels.

Beau. I muſt confeſs raviſhing ought to be regulated, it would deſtroy commerce, and many a good Sober Matron about this Town might loſe the ſelling of her Daughters Maiden-Head, which were a great grievance to the people, and a particular Branch of Property loſt, *Fourbin.*

Four. Your Worſhips pleaſure.

Beau. Run like a Rogue as you are, and try to find Sir *Jolly*, and deſire him to meet me at the blew Poſts in the Hay-market about 12, we'll Dine together; I muſt inquire farther into yeſterdays adventure; in the mean time, Ned, here's half the prize to be doing withall, old friends muſt preſerve Correſpondence; we have ſhar'd good Fortune together, and bad ſhall never part us.

Cour. Well, thou wilt certainly die in a Ditch for this, haſt thou no more grace then, to be a true Friend, nay, to part with thy money to thy Friend; I grant you, a Gentleman may ſwear and lye for his Friend, pimp for his Friend, hang for his Friend, and ſo forth: but to part with ready money is the devil.

Beau. Stand aſide, either I am miſtaken, or yonder's Sir *Jolly* coming; now *Courtine*, will *I* ſhew thee the Flower of Knighthood: Ah, Sir *Jolly*.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. My Hero! my darling! my Ganimede! how doſt thou? Strong! wanton! luſty! rampant! hah, ah, ah! She's thine Boy, odd ſhe's thine, plump, ſoft, ſmooth, wanton! hah, ah, ah! Ah Rogue, ah Rogue! here's ſhoulders, here's ſhape! there's a Foot and Leg, here's a Leg, here's a Leg——Qua a-a-a-a.

[*Squeaks like a Cat, and tickles* Beaugards *Legs.*

Cour. What an old Goat's this.

Sir Jol. Child, Child, Child, who's that? A friend of thine! a friend o' thine? A pretty fellow, odd a very pretty fellow, and a ſtrong dog I'll warrant him, how doſt do dear heart? prithee let me kiſs thee, I'll ſwear and vow I will kiſs thee, ha, ha, he, he, he, he, a Toad, a Toad, ah Toa-a-a-ad——

Cour. Sir I am your humble Servant.

Beau. But the Lady, Sir *Jolly*, the Lady, how does the Lady, what ſays the Lady, Sir *Jolly*?

Sir Jol. What ſays the Lady! why ſhe ſays——ſhe ſays——odd ſhe has a delicate Lip, ſuch a Lip, ſo red, ſo hard, ſo plump, ſo blub; *I* fancy I am eating Cherries every time I think on't——and for her Neck and Breaſts, and her——odds life; I'll ſay no more, not a word more, but *I* know, I know——

Beau. I am ſorry for that with all my Heart; do you know, ſay you,

you, Sir, and would you put off your mubled orts, your offal upon me——

Sir Jol. Huſh, huſh, huſh! have a care, as I live and breathe, not *I*, alack and well a day, I am a poor old fellow, decay'd and done: All's gone with me Gentlemen, but my good Nature; odd *I* love to know how matters go, though, now and then to ſee a pretty Wench and a young Fellow Towze and Rowze and Frouze and Mowze; odd I love a young fellow dearly, faith dearly——

Cour. This is the moſt extraordinary Rogue, I ever met withall.

Beau. But Sir *Jolly*, in the firſt place, you muſt know, I have ſworn never to marry.

Sir Jol. *I* would not have thee man, *I* am a Batchelour my ſelf, and been a Whore-Maſter all my life, beſides ſhe's married already man, her Husband's an old greaſie, untoward, ill-natur'd, ſlovenly, Tobacco-taking Cuckold; but plaguy Jealous.

Beau. Already a Cuckold, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir Jol. No, that ſhall be, my Boy, thou ſhalt make him one, and I'll pimp for thee dear heart, and ſhan't I hold the door, ſhan't I peep hah, ſhan't I you devil, you little dog ſhan't I?——

Beau. What is it, I'd not grant to obliege my Patron.

Sir Jol. And then doſt hear, I have a lodging for thee in my own houſe; doſt hear old Soul, in my own houſe: She lives the very next door man, there's but a Wall to part her Chamber and thine, and then for a peep-hole, odds fiſh I have a peep-hole for thee; 'ſbud I'll ſhew thee, I'll ſhew thee——

Beau. But when, Sir *Jolly*, *I* am in haſte, impatient.

Sir Jol. Why this very night man; poor Rogue's in haſte, poor Rogue; but hear you——

Cour. The matter?

Sir Jol. Shan't we dine together?

Beau. With all my heart.

Sir Jol. The Maw begins to empty, get you before, and beſpeak Dinner at the Blew Poſts; while I ſtay behind and gather up a diſh of Whores for a deſert.

Cour. Be ſure that they be lew'd, drunken, ſtripping Whores Sir *Jolly*, that won't be affectedly ſqueamiſh and troubleſome.

Sir Jol. I warrant you.

Cour. I love a well diſciplin'd Whore, that ſhews all the tricks of her profeſſion with a wink, like an old Souldier that underſtands all his Exerciſe by beat of Drum.

Sir Jol. A Thief, ſayeſt thou ſo! I muſt be better acquainted with that fellow; he has a notable Noſe; a hard brawny Carle—— true and truſty, and mettle I'll warrant him.

Beau. Well, Sir *Jolly*, you'l not fail us?——

Sir Jol. Fail ye! am I a Knight? hark ye Boys: I'll muſter this evening, ſuch a Regiment of Rampant, Roaring, Royſterous Whores, that ſhall make more noiſe than if all the Cats in the Hay-market were in conjunction: Whores ye Rogues, that ſhall ſwear with you, drink

drink with you, talk Bawdy with you, fight with you, ſcratch with you, lye with you, and go to the Devil with you, ſhan't we be very merry, hah! ——

Cour. As merry as VVine, Women and Wickedneſs can make us.

Sir Jol. Odd that's well ſaid again, very well ſaid, as merry as Wine, Women and wickedneſs can make us: I love a fellow that is very wicked dearly; methinks there's a ſpirit in him, there's a ſort of a tantara, rara, tantara, rara, ah, ah-h-h, well, and won't ye, when the Women come, won't ye, and ſhall I not ſee a litle ſport amongſt you; well get ye gone; ah Rogues, ah Rogues, da, da, I'll be with you, da, da—— [*Exeunt* Beaugard *and* Courtine.

Enter ſeveral Whores, and three Bullies.

1 *Bul.* In the name of Satan what Whores are theſe in their Copper trim, yonder?

1 *Who.* VVell I'll ſwear, Madam, 'tis the fineſt Evening: I love the, Mall, mightily.

2 *Bul.* Let's huzza the Bulkers.

2 *Whor.* Really, and ſo do I; becauſe there's always good company, and one meets with ſuch Civilitys from every body.

3 *Bul.* Damn'd VVhores, hout ye filthies.

3 *Whor.* Ay, and then I love extreamly to ſhew my ſelf here, when I am very fine, to vex thoſe poor Devils that call themſelves Vertues, and are very ſcandalous and Crapiſh, I'll ſwear; O Crimine, who's yonder! Sir *Jolly Jumble*, I vow.

1 *Bul.* Fogh! Let's leave the naſty Sowes to Fools, and Diſeaſes.

1 *Whor.* Oh *Papa*, *Papa!* where have you been this two days, *Papa*?

2 *Who.* You are a precious *Father* indeed, to take no more care of your *Children*: We might be dead for all you, you naughty *Dady*, you.

Sir *Jol.* Dead, my poor Fubſes! odd I had rather all the Relations *I* have were dead, a dad *I* had: Get you gone you little Devils Bubbies; oh Law there's Bubbies! odd I'll bite 'em, odd *I* will.

1 *Whor.* Nay, fye, *Papa*; *I* ſwear you'l make me angry, except you carry us, and treat us to Night, you have promis'd me a treat this Week, won't you *Papa*?

2 *Whor.* A, won't you *Dad*?

Sir *Jol.* Odds ſo, odds ſo, well remember'd! get you gon, don't ſtay talking; get you gone, yonders a great Lord, the Lord *Beaugard*; and his Couzin the Baron, the Count, the Marquis, the Lord knows what, Monſieur *Courtine* newly come to Town, odds ſo.

3 *Whor.* Oh Law, where *Dady*, where? Oh dear, a Lord.

1 *Whor.* VVell, you are the pureſt *Papa*; but when be dey mun, *Papa*——

Sir *Jolly.* *I* won't tell you, you Jipſies, ſo *I* won't——*except you tickle me*—'sbud they are brave fellows, all Tall, and not a bit ſmall, odd one of 'em has a devilliſh deal of Monie.

1 *Whor.*

1 *Whor.* Oh dear, but which is he, *Papa.*.

2 *Whor.* Shan't I be in Love with him, *Dady.*

Sir *Jol. What no body tickle me! no body tickle me?* ——not yet, tickle me a little *Mally*—tickle me a little *Jenny*—do, He he he he he he——

[*They tickle him.*

No more, oh dear, oh dear! poor Rogues, ſo ſo, no more, nay, if you do, if you do, odd I'll I'll I'll————

3 *Wh.* What will you do trow?———

Sir *Jol.* Come along with me, come along with me, ſneak after me, at a diſtance, that no body take notice, Swinging fellows *Mally*—Swinging fellows *Jenny*, a Deviliſh deal of Monie, get you afore me then, you little dippappers, ye Waſps, ye wagtails, get you gon, I ſay, ſwinging fellows———

[*Exeunt Sir* Jolly, *with the Whores.*

Enter Lady Dunce and Sylvia.

Lady D. Dye a Maid *Sylvia*! fie for ſhame! what a ſcandalous reſolution's that; five thouſand Pounds to your Portion, and leave it all to Hoſpitals, for the innocent recreation hereafter of leading Apes in Hell, fie for ſhame!

Sylvia Indeed ſuch another charming Animal as your Conſort, Sir *David*, might do much with me; 'tis an unſpeakable bleſſing to lye all night by a Horſe-load of diſeaſes; a beaſtly, unſavoury, old, groaning, grunting, wheazing Wretch, that ſmells of the Grave he's going to already, from ſuch a curſe, and Hair-Cloath next my skin, good Heaven deliver me!

Lady D. Thou miſtakeſt the uſe of a Husband, *Sylvia*: They are not meant for Bedfellows; heretofore indeed 'twas a fulſome faſhion, to ly o' nights with a Husband; but the worlds improv'd, and Cuſtoms altered.

Sylv. Pray inſtruct then what the uſe of a Husband is.

Lady D. Inſtead of a Gentleman-Uſher for Ceremonies ſake to be in waiting on ſet days, and particular occaſions; but the Friend Cozen is the Jewel unvaluable.

Sylv. But, Sir *David*, Madam, will be difficult to be ſo Govern'd; I am miſtaken if his Nature is not too Jealous to be blinded.

Lady D. So much the better, of all, the jealous Fool is eaſieſt to be deceiv'd: For obſerve, where there's jealouſie there's always fondneſs; which if a Woman, as ſhe ought to do, will make the right uſe of, the Husband's fears ſhall not ſo awake him on one ſide as his dotage ſhall blind him on the other.

Sylv. Is your Piece of mortality ſuch a doting Doodle, is he ſo very fond of you?

Lady D. No, but he has the vanity to think that I am very fond of him, and if he be jealous, 'tis not ſo much for fear I do abuſe, as that in time I may, and therefore impoſes this confinement on me, though

though he has other divertiſements that take him off from my injoyment; which make him ſo loathſome no Woman but muſt hate him.

Silv. His private divertiſements I am a ſtranger to.

Lady D. Then for his Perſon 'tis incomparably odious, he has ſuch a breath, one kiſs of him were enough to cure the fits of the Mother, 'tis worſe then *Aſſa fœtida.*

Sylv. Oh hideous!

Lady D. Every thing that's naſty he affects, clean Linnen he ſays is unwholeſome, and to make him more charming, he's continually eating of Garlike and chewing Tobacco.

Silv. Fogh! this is love! this is the bleſſing of Matrimony.

Lady Du. Rail not ſo unreaſonably againſt love, *Silvia*: As I have dealt freely, and acknowledged to thee the paſſion I have for *Beaugard*; ſo methinks, *Silvia* need not conceal her good thoughts of her Friend; do not I know *Courtine* ſticks in your ſtomach?

Sylv. If he does, I'll aſſure you he ſhall never get to my heart, but can you have the Conſcience to love another man now you are married? what do you think will become of you?

Lady D. I tell thee, *Sylvia*, I never was married to that Engine we have been talking of, my Parents indeed made me ſay ſomething to him after a Prieſt once, but my heart went not along with my tongue, I minded not what it was; for my thoughts, *Sylvia*, for theſe ſeven years have been much better imploy'd ——— *Beaugard!* Ah curſe on the day that firſt ſent him into *France*!

Sylv. Why ſo, I beſeech you?

Lady D. Had he ſtay'd here, I had not been ſacrific'd to the Arms of this monument of Man, for the bed of death could not be more cold, then his has been, he would have delivered me from the Monſter, for even then I loved him, and was apt to think my kindneſs not neglected.

Sylv. I find indeed your Ladyſhip had good thonghts of him.

Lady D. Surely 'tis impoſſible to think too well of him, for he has wit enough to call his good nature in queſtion, and yet good nature enough to make his wit be ſuſpected.

Sylv. But how do you hope ever to get ſight of him, Sir *David*'s watchfulneſs is invincible. I dare ſwear he wou'd ſmell out a Rival if he were in the houſe only by natural inſtinct, as ſome that always ſweat when a Cat's in the Room, then again, *Beaugard's* a Souldier, and that's a thing the old Gentleman you know loves dearly.

Lady D. There lies the greateſt comfort of my uneaſie life, he is one of thoſe Fools forſooth, that are led by the Noſe by Knaves to rail againſt the King and the Government, and is mightily fond of being thought of a Party, I have had hopes this twelve-month to have heard of his being in the Gate-Houſe for Treaſon.

Sylv. But I find only your ſelf the Priſoner all this while.

Lady D. At preſent indeed I am ſo, but Fortune I hope will ſmile, wouldſt thou but be my Friend, *Sylvia.*

Sylv. In any miſchievous deſign with all my heart.

Lady D. The concluſion, Madam, may turn to your ſatisfaction, but you have no thoughts of *Courtine*.

Sylv. Not I, I'll aſſure you Cozen.

Lady D. You don't think him well ſhap'd, ſtreight, and proportionable.

Sylv. Conſidering he eats but once a Week, the man is wll enough.

Lady D. And then wears his Cloaths you know filthily, and like a horrid Sloven.

Sylv. Filthily enough of all Conſcience, with a thred-bare Red-Coat, which his Taylor duns him for to this day, over which a great broad greaſie Buff Belt, enough to turn any ones Stomach but a disbanded Souldier; a Perruque ty'd up in a knot, to excuſe its want of combing, and then becauſe he has been at Man at Arms, he muſt wear two Tuffles of a Beard for ſooth, to lodge a dunghill of ſnuff upon, to keep his Noſe in good humour.

Lady D. Nay, now I am ſure that thou loveſt him.

Sylv. So far from it, that I proteſt eternally againſt the whole Sex.

Lady D. That time will beſt demonſtrate, in the mean while to our buſineſs.

Sylv. As how, Madam.

Lady D. To night muſt I ſee *Beaugard*, they are this minute at Dinner in the Hay-market; now to make my evil Genius, that haunts me every where, my thing called a Husband, himſelf to aſſiſt his poor Wife at a dead lift, I think would not be unpleaſant.

Sylv. But 'twill be impoſſible.

Lady D. I am apt to be perſwaded rather very eaſie, you know our good and friendly Neighbour, Sir *Jolly*.

Silv. Out on him beaſt, he's always talking filthily to a body, if he ſits but at the table with one, he'll be making nafty figures in the Napkins.

Lady D. He and my ſweet yoke-fellow are the moſt intimate friends in the world, ſo that partly out of neighbourly kindneſs, as well as the great delight he takes to be medling in matters of this nature, with a great deal of pains and induſtry procured me *Beaugard's* picture, and given him to underſtand how well a Friend of his in Petticoats, call'd my ſelf, wiſhes him.

Sylv. But what's all this to the making the Husband inſtrumental, for I muſt confeſs of all creatures a Husbands the thing that's odious to me.

Lady D. That muſt be done this night: I'll inſtantly to my chamber, take my bed in a pet, and ſend for Sir *David*.

Sylv. But which way then muſt the Lover come?

Lady D. Nay, I'll betray *Beaugard* to him, ſhew him the Picture he ſent me, and beg of him as he tenders his own honour, and my quiet, to take ſome courſe to ſecure me from the ſcandalous ſolicitations of that innocent Fellow.

Sylv. And ſo make him the property, the go-between, to bring the affair to an iſſue the more decently.

Lady D. Right, *Sylvia*, 'tis the beſt office a Husband can do a Wife; I mean an old husband; bleſs us, to be yok'd in Wedlock with a paralitick, coughing

coughing, decrepid Dotrell, to be a dry Nurſe all ones life time to an old Child of ſixty five, to lye by the Image of Death a whole night, a dull immoveable, that has no ſenſe of life, but through it's pains; the Pidgeon's as happy that's laid to a ſick mans feet, when the world has given him over; for my part this ſhall henceforth be my prayer,

Curſt be the memory; nay, double curſt,
Of her that wedded Age for Intereſt firſt;
Though worn with years, with fruitleſs wiſhes full,
'Tis all day troubleſome, and all night dull.
Who wed with Fools indeed lead happy lives,
Fools are the fitteſt fineſt things for Wives;
Yet old men Profit bring, as Fools bring eaſe,
And both make Youth and Wit much better pleaſe.

ACT. II.

Enter Sir Jolly, Beaugard, Courtine, *and* Fourbin.

Court. SIR *Jolly* is the glory of the Age.

Sir Jol. Nay now, Sir, you honour me too far.

Beaug. He's the delight of the young, and wonder of the old.

Sir Jol. I ſwear Gentlemen you make me bluſh.

Cour. He deſerves a Statue in Gold, at the charge of the Kingdom.

Sir Jol. Out upon't, fye for ſhame: I proteſt I'll leave your company if you talk ſo; but faith they were Whores, daintily dutiful Strumpets, ha? udds-bud, they'd———have ſtript for t'other Bottle.

Beau. Truly, Sir *Jolly*, you are a man of very extraordinary diſcipline, I never ſaw Whores under better command in my life.

Sir Jol. Piſh, that's nothing man, nothing, I can ſend for forty better when I pleaſe, Doxies that will skip, ſtrip, leap, trip, and do any thing in the world, any thing old Soul.

Cour. Dear, dear Sir *Jolly*, where and when?

Sir Jol. Odd as ſimply as I ſtand here, her Father was a Knight.

Beau. Indeed Sir *Jolly*, a Knight ſay you?

Sir Jol. Ay, but a little decay'd, I'll aſſure you ſhe's a very good Gentlewoman born.

Cour. Ay, and a very good Gentlewoman bred too.

Sir Jol. Ay, and ſo ſhe is.

Beau. But Sir *Jolly*, how goes my buſineſs forward, when ſhall I have a view of the quarry I am to fly at?

Sir Jol. Alas a day, not ſo haſty, ſoft and fair *I* beſeech you, ah my little Son of thunder, if thou hadſt her in thy arms now between a pair of ſheets, and I under the Bed to ſee fair play Boy, gemini! what wou'd become of me? What wou'd become of me? there wou'd be doings, oh Lawd, I under the bed!

Beau. Or behind the hangings, Sir *Jolly*, would not that do as well?

Sir Jol. Ah no, under the bed againſt the world, and then it would be very dark, hah!

Beau. Dark to chuſe.

Sir Jol. No, but a little light would do well, a ſmall Glimmering Lamp, juſt enough for me to ſteal a peep by; oh lamentable! oh lamentable, I won't ſpeak a word more, there would be a trick! oh rare! you friend, oh rare! odds ſo not a word more, odds ſo yonder comes the Monſter that muſt be the Cuckold Elect, ſtep, ſtep aſide, and obſerve him, if I ſhou'd be ſeen in your company, 'twou'd ſpoil all.

Beau. For my part I'll ſtand the meeting of him; one way to promote a good underſtanding with a Wife, is firſt to get acquainted with her Husband.

Enter Sir David.

Sir Dav. Well of all bleſſings, a diſcreet Wife is the greateſt that can light upon a man of years: had I been married to any thing but an Angel now, what a Beaſt had I been by this time, well I am the happieſt old Fool! 'tis an horrid Age that we live in, ſo that an honeſt man can keep nothing to himſelf; if you have a good eſtate, every covetous Rogue is longing for't (truly *I* love a good eſtate dearly my ſelf;) if you have a handſome Wife, every ſmoothfac'd Coxcomb will be combing and cocking at her, fleſh flies are not ſo troubleſome to the ſhambles, as thoſe ſort of Inſects are to the Boxes in the Play-houſe: But vertue is a great bleſſing, an unvaluable treaſure, to tell me her ſelf that a Villain had tempted her, and give me the very Picture, the inchantment that he ſent to bewitch her, it ſtrikes me dumb with admiration; here's the Villain in Effigie. [*Pulls out the Picture.*] Odd a very handſome fellow, a dangerous Rogue *I'll* warrant him, ſuch fellows as theſe now ſhould be fetter'd like unruly Colts, that they might not leap into other mens paſtures; here's a Noſe now, *I* cou'd find in my heart to cut it off, damn'd Dog, to dare to preſume to make a Cuckold of a Knight! bleſs us what will this world come to! well poor Sir *David*, down, down, on thy knees, and thank thy ſtars for this deliverance.

Beau. 'Sdeath what's that I ſee? Sure 'tis the very Picture which *I* ſent by Sir *Jolly*, if ſo, by this light, I am damnably Jilted.

Sir Da. But now if.——

Beau. Surely he does not ſee us yet.

Four. See you, Sir, why he has but one eye, and we are on his blind ſide; *I'll* dumb-found him. [*ſtrikes him on the ſhoulder.*

Sir Da. Who the Devil's this? Sir, Sir, Sir, who are you Sir?

Beau.

Beau. Ay, ay, 'tis the ſame, now a pox of all amorous adventures, 'sdeath I'l go beat the impertinent pimp that drew me into this fooling.

Sir Da. Sir, methinks you are very curious.

Beau. Sir, perhaps *I* have an extraordinary reaſon to be ſo.

Sir Da. And perhaps, Sir, I care not for you, nor your Reaſons neither.

Beau. Sir, if you are at leiſure, I would beg the Honour to ſpeak with you.

Sir Da. With me, Sir? VVhat's your buſineſs with me?

Beau. I wou'd not willingly be troubleſome; though it may be I am ſo at this time.

Sir Da. It may be ſo too, Sir.

Beau. But to be known to ſo worthy a Perſon as you are, would be ſo great an honour, ſo extraordinary a happineſs that I could not avoid taking this opportunity of tend'ring you my Service.

Sir Da. Smooth Rogue, who the Devil is this fellow? (*Aſide.*) But Sir, you were pleaſed to nominate buſineſs Sir, I deſire with what ſpeed you can to know your buſineſs, Sir, that I may go about my buſineſs.

Beau. Sir, if *I* might with good manners, *I* ſhould be glad to inform my ſelf, whoſe Picture that is which you have in your hand, methinks it is very fine Painting.

Sir Da. Picture, Friend, Picture! Sir, 'tis the reſemblance of a very impudent fellow, they call him Captain *Beaugard* forſooth, but he is in ſhort a rakehell, a poor lowzy beggarly disbanded Devil; do you know him friend?——

Beau. I think I have heard of ſuch a vagabond, the truth on't is he is a very impudent fellow.

Sir Da. Ay, a damn'd Rogue.

Beau. Oh a notorious Scoundrel!

Sir Da. I expect to hear he's hang'd by next Seſſions.

Beau. The truth on't is, he has deſerv'd it long ago; but did you ever ſee him Sir *David.*

Sir Da. Sir——does he know me? [*Aſide.*

Beau. Becauſe I fancy that Mignature is very like him, pray Sir, whence had it you?——

[*Compares the Picture with* Beaugards *Face.*

Sir Da. Had it, Friend? had it! whence had it I!——bleſs us! what have I done now, this the very Traytour himſelf, if he ſhould be deſperate now, and put his Sword in my guts!——ſlitting my Noſe will be as bad as that, I have but one eye left neither, and may be——oh but this is the Kings Court, odd that's well remember'd, de dares not but be civil here; I'll try to out-huff him, whence had it you?

Beau. Ay, Sir, whence had it you? that's *Engliſh* in my Countrie, Sir.

Sir Da. Go, Sir, you are a Raſcal.

Beau. How?

Sir Da.

Sir Da. Sir, I ſay, you are a Raſcal, a very impudent Raſcal, nay I'll prove you to be a Raſcal, if you go to that———

Beau. Sir, I am a Gentleman and a Souldier.

Sir Da. So much the worſe, Souldiers have been Cuckoldmakers from the beginning; Sir, I care not what you are; for ought I know you may be a———come Sir, did *I* never ſee you? anſwer me to that, did I never ſee you? for ought *I* know you may be a Jeſuit; there were more in the laſt armie beſides you.

Beau. Of your acquaintance, and be hang'd!

Sir Da. Yes to my knowledge, there were ſeveral at *Hounſlow Heath* diſguiſed in dirtie Petticoats, and cry'd Brandy, *I* knew a Serjeant of Foot that was familiar with one of them all night in a Ditch, and fancy'd him a woman, but the Devil is powerful.

Beau. In ſhort, you worthy Villain of Worſhip, that Picture is mine, and *I* muſt have it, or *I* ſhall take an opportunity to kick your Worſhip moſt inhumanly.

Sir Da. Kick Sir.

Beau. Ay, Sir, kick, 'tis a Recreation *I* can ſhew you.

Sir Da. Sir, *I* am a free-born Subject of *England*, and there are Laws, look you, there are Laws; ſo *I* ſay you are a Raſcal again, and now how will you help your ſelf? poor Fool!

Beau. Heark you Friend, have not you a Wife?

Sir Da. *I* have a Lady, Sir,—oh, and ſhe's mightily taken with this Picture of yours, ſhe was ſo mightily proud of it, ſhe could not forbear ſhewing it me, and telling too who it was ſent it her.

Beau. And has ſhe been long a Jilt? has ſhe practiſed the Trade for any time?

Sir Da. Trade! humph, what Trade! what Trade, Friend?

Beau. Why the Trade of Whore and no Whore, Catterwauling in jeſt, putting out Chriſtian Colours, when ſhe's a Turk under Deck: A curſe upon all honeſt women in the fleſh, that are Whores in the Spirit.

Sir Da. Poor Devil, how he rails, ha, ha, ha, look you ſweet Soul, as *I* told you before, there are Laws, there are Laws, but thoſe are things not worthy your conſideration: Beautie's your Buſineſs; but dear vagabond, trouble thy ſelf no further about my Spouſe, let my Doxie reſt in peace, ſhe's meat for thy Maſter, old boy; *I* have my belly full of her every Night.

Beau. Sir, *I* wiſh all your Noble Family hang'd from the bottom of my heart.

Sir Da. Moreover Captain Swaſh, *I* muſt tell you my Wife is an honeſt Woman, of a vertuous diſpoſition, one that *I* have loved from her Infancy, and ſhe deſerves it by her faithful dealing in this affair, for that ſhe has diſcover'd loyally to me the treacherous deſigns laid againſt her Chaſtity, and my Honour.

Beau. By this light the Beaſt weeps.

Sir Da. Truly *I* cannot but weep for Joy; to think how happy *I* am in a ſincere faithful and loving Yoke-fellow, ſhe charg'd me too to tell you

you into the bargain, that ſhe is ſufficiently ſatisfied of the moſt ſecret wiſhes of your heart.

Beau. I am glad on't.

Sir Da. And that 'tis her deſire, that you wou'd trouble your ſelf no more about the matter.

Beau. With all my heart.

Sir Da. But henceforward behave your ſelf with ſuch diſcretion as becomes a Gentleman.

Beau. Oh to be ſure moſt exactly!

Sir Da. And let her alone to make the beſt uſe of thoſe innocent Freedoms I allow her, without putting her reputation in hazzard.

Beau. As how I beſeech you——

Sir Da. By your impertinent and unſeaſonable addreſs.

Beau. And this news you bring me by a particular commiſſion from your ſweet Lady.

Sir Da. Yea Friend I do, and ſhe hopes you'l be ſenſible, Dear heart, of her good meaning by it: theſe were her very words, I neither add nor diminiſh, for plain-dealing is my Miſtreſſes Friend.

Beau. Then all the Curſes I ſhall think on this twelve-month light on her, and as many more on the next Fool that gives credit to the Sex.

Sir Da. Well, certainly I am the happieſt Toad; how melancholly the Munkey ſtands now? Poor Pug haſt thou loſt her?

Beau. To be ſo ſordid a Jilt, to betray me to ſuch a Beaſt as that, can ſhe have any good thoughts of ſuch a Swine? Dam her, had ſhe abus'd me handſomly it had never vext me.

Sir Da. Now Sir with your permiſſion I'll take my leave.

Beau. Sir, If you were gon to the Devil, *I* ſhou'd think you very well diſpos'd of.

Sir Da. If you have any Letter, or other commendation to the Lady that was ſo charm'd with your Reſemblance there, it ſhall be very faithfully conveyed by——

Beau. Fool.

Sir Da. Your humble Servant Sir, I'm gon, *I* ſhall diſturb you no further, your moſt humble Servant Sir. [*Exit.*

Beau. Now Poverty, Plague, Pox and Priſon fall thick upon the head of thee, *Fourbin.*

Fourb. Sir!——

Beau. Thou haſt been an extraordinary Rogue in thy time.

Fourb. *I* hope *I* have loſt nothing in your Honours Service Sir.

Beau. Find out ſome way to revenge me on this old Raſcal, and if *I* do not make thee a Gentleman.——

Fourb. That you have been pleas'd to do long ago, *I* thank you; for *I* am ſure you have not left me one ſhilling in my Pocket theſe two Months.

Beau. Here, here's for thee to Revel with all.

Fourb. Will your Honour pleaſe to have his Throat cut?

Beau. With all my heart.

Fourb.

Fourb. Or would you have him decently hang'd at his own door, and then give out to the World he did it himſelf?

Beau. That wou'd do very well.

Fourb. Or *I* think [to proceed with more ſafety] a good ſtale Jakes were a very pretty Expedient.

Beau. Excellent, excellent *Fourbin.*

Four. Leave matters to my diſcretion, and if I do not—— *Exit.*

Beau. *I* know thou wilt, go, go about it, proſper and be famous: now e're *I* dare venture to meet *Courtin* again, will *I* go by my ſelf, rail for an hour or two, and then be good company. *Exit.*

Enter Courtine *and* Silvia.

Silv. Take my word Sir, you had better give this buſineſs over, *I* tell you there's nothing in the World turns my Stomack ſo much as the man, that man that makes Love to me. *I* never ſaw one of your Sex in my life make love, but he lookt ſo like an Aſs all the while, that I bluſh't for him.

Court. *I* am afraid your Ladyſhip then is one of thoſe dangerous Creatures they call She-wits, who are always ſo mightily taken with admiring themſelves, that nothing elſe is worth their notice.

Silv. Oh! who can be ſo dull not to be raviſh't with that royſterous meen of yours? that ruffling Ayr in your gate, that ſeems to cry where-e're you go, make room, here comes the Captain: that Face, the which bids defiance to the Weather; bleſs us! if *I* were a poor Farmers wife in the Country now, and you wanted Quarters, how would it fright me? But as I am young, not very ugly, and one you never ſaw before, how lovingly it looks upon me.

Court. Who can forbear to ſigh, look pale and languiſh, where Beauty and wit unite both their forces to enſlave a heart ſo tractable as mine is. Firſt, for that modiſh ſwim of your Body, the victorious motion of your Arms and Head, the toſs of your Fan, the glancing of the Eyes, bleſs us! If I were a dainty fine dreſt Coxcomb, with a great Eſtate and a little or no wit, vanity in abundance, and good for nothing, how would they melt and ſoften me? but as *I* am a ſcandalous honeſt Raſcal, not Fool enough to be your ſport, nor rich enough to be your prey, how glotingly they look upon me! ——

Silv. Alas, alas! What pity 'tis your honeſty ſhould ever do you hurt, or your wit ſpoil your preferment.

Court. Juſt as much fair Lady, as that your Beauty ſhould make you be envied at, or your Vertue provoke ſcandal.

Silv. Well, the more I look, the more I'm in love with you.

Court. The more I look, the more I am out of Love with you.

Silv. How my heart ſwells when I ſee you!

Court. How my Stomach riſes when *I* am near you!

Silv. Nay, then let's bargain.

Court. With all my heart, what?

Silv.

Silv. Not to fall in love with each other, I aſſure you Monſieur Captain.

Court. But to hate one another conſtantly and cordially.

Silv. Always when you are drunk, I deſire you to talk ſcandalouſly of me.

Court. Ay, and when I am ſober too, in return whereof when e're you ſee a Coquet of your acquaintance, and *I* chance to be named, be ſure you ſpit at the filthy remembrance, and rail at me as if you lov'd me.

Silv. In the next place, when e're we meet in the *Mall*, *I* deſire you to humph, put out your Tongue, make ugly mouths, laugh aloud, and look back at me.

Court. Which if *I* chance to do, be ſure at next turning to pick up ſome tawdry fluttering Fop or another.

Silv. That I made acquaintance withall at the Muſique-meeting.

Court. Right, Juſt ſuch another Spark to ſaunter by your ſide with his Hat under his Arm.

Silv. Hearkning to all the bitter things I can ſay to be revenged.

Court. Whilſt the dull Rogue dare not ſo much as grin to oblige you, for fear of being beaten for it, when he is out of his waiting.

Silv. Counterfeit your Letters from me.

Court. And you to be even with me for the ſcandal, publiſh to all the World *I* offered to marry you.

Silv. Oh hideous marriage!

Court. Horrid, horrid marriage!

Silv. Name, name no more of it.

Court. At that ſad word let's part.

Silv. Let's wiſh all men decrepid, dull and ſilly.

Court. And every woman old and ugly.

Silv. Adieu!———

Court. Farewell!———

Enter a young fellow, affectedly dreſt, ſeveral others with him.

Silv. Ah me, Mr. *Friſk*!

Friſk. *Madamoiſel*, *Silvia*! ſincerely as I hope to be ſav'd, the Devil take me, Dam me Madam, who's that?

Silv. Ha, ha, ha, hea. [*Exit with Friſk.*

Court. True to thy failings always Woman, how naturally is the Sex fond of a Rogue! What a Monſter was that for a Woman to delight in, now muſt I love her ſtill, tho I know I am a Blockhead for't, and ſhe'll uſe me like a block-head too, if I don't prevent her: what's to be done? I'll have three Whores a day, to keep Love out of my head.

Enter Beaugard.

Beaugard well met again, how go matters? Handſomly!

Beau. Oh very handſomly! had you but ſeen how handſomly I was us'd juſt now, you would ſwear ſo. I have heard thee rail in my time, wou'd thou wouldſt exerciſe thy talent a little at preſent.

Court. At what?

Beau. Why canſt thou ever want a ſubject? rail at thy ſelf, rail at me, I deſerve to be rail'd at, ſee there, what thinkeſt thou of that Engine, that moving lump of filthineſs, miſcall'd a Man.

A Clumſie fellow marches over the Stage dreſt like an Officer.

Court. Curſe on him for a Rogue, I know him.

Beau. So.

Court. The Raſcal was a Retailer of Ale but yeſterday, and now he is an Officer and be hang'd; 'tis a dainty ſight in a morning to ſee him with his Toes turn'd in, drawing his Legs after him, at the head of a hundred luſty Fellows; ſome honeſt Gentleman or other ſtays now, becauſe that Dog had money to bribe ſome corrupt Collonel withall.

Enter another gravely dreſt.

Beau. There, there's another of my acquaintance, he was my Fathers Footman not long ſince, and has pimpt for me oftner than he pray'd for himſelf; that good quality recommended him to a Noble-mans ſervice, which together with flattering, fawning, lying, ſpying and informing, has rais'd him to an imployment of truſt and reputation, though the Rogue can't write his Name, nor read his neck Verſe, if he had occaſion.

Court. 'Tis as unreaſonable to expect a man of Senſe ſhould be prefer'd, as 'tis to think a Hector can be ſtout, a Prieſt religious, a fair Woman chaſt, or a pardon'd Rebel loyal.

Enter two more ſeeming earneſtly in diſcourſe.

Beau. That's ſeaſonably thought on, look there, obſerve but that Fellow on the right hand, the Rogue with the buſieſt Face of the two, I'll tell thee his Hiſtory.

Court. I hope hanging will be the end of his Hiſtory, ſo well I like him at the firſt ſight.

Beau. He was born a Vagabond, and no Pariſh own'd him, his Father was as obſcure as his Mother publick, every body knew her, and no body could gueſs at him.

Court. He comes of a very good Family, heaven be prais'd.

Beau. The firſt thing he choſe to riſe by, was Rebellion, ſo a Rebel he grew, and flouriſht a Rebel, fought againſt his King, and helpt to bring him to the Block.

Court. And was he not Religious too?

Beau. Moſt devoutly! He could pray till he cry'd, and preach till he foam'd,

foam'd, which excellent Talent made him popular, and at laſt prefer'd him to be a worthy Member of that never to be forgotten Rump Pareliament.

Court. Pray Sir be uncovered at that, and remember it with Reverence.

Beau. In ſhort, he was Committee-man, Sequeſtrator and Perſecutor General of a whole County, by which he got enough at the Kings Return to ſecure himſelf in the general Pardon.

Court. Nauſeous Vermin: That ſuch a Swine with the mark of Rebellion in his Forehead, ſhould wallow in his Luxury, whilſt honeſt men are forgotten!

Beau. Thus forgiven, thus rais'd, and made thus happy, the ungrateful Slave diſowns the hand that healed him, cheriſhes Factions to affront his Maſter, and once more would Rebel againſt the Head, which ſo lately ſaved his from a Pole.

Court. What a dreadful Beard and ſwinging Sword he wears!

Beau. 'Tis to keep his Cowardize in countenance, the Raſcal will endure kicking moſt temperately for all that, I know five or ſix more of the ſame ſtamp; that never came abroad without terrible long Spits by their ſides, with which they will let you bore their own Noſes if you pleaſe, but let the Villain be forgotten.

Court. His Co-Rogue I have ſome knowledg of, he's a tatter'd worm-eaten Caſe-putter, ſome call him Lawyer, one that takes it very ill he is not made a Judg.

Beau. Yes, and is always repineing that men of parts are not regarded.

Court. He has been a great noiſe-maker in factious Clubs theſe ſeven years, and now I ſuppoſe is courting that Worſhipful Raſcal to make him Recorder of ſome factious Town.

Beau. To teach Tallow-chandlers and Cheeſ-mongers how far they may rebel againſt their King by vertue of *Magna Charta.*

Court. But friend *Beaugard,* methinks thou art very ſplenatick of a ſudden, how goes the affair of Love forward, proſperouſly, hah!

Beau. Oh I aſſure you moſt Triumphantly, Juſt now you muſt know I am parted with the ſweet civil inchanted Ladies Husband.

Court. Well, and what ſayes the Cuckold, is he very kind and good natur'd as Cuckolds uſe to be?

Beau. Why he ſays, *Courtine,* in ſhort, that I am a very ſilly fellow, (and truly I am very apt to believe him) and that I have been Jilted in this affair moſt unconſcionably, a Plague on all Pimps, I ſay, a mans buſineſs never thrives ſo well, as when he is his own Sollicitor.

Enter Sir Jolly and Boy.

Sir Jolly. Hiſt. hiſt. Capt. Capt. Capt. Boy.

Boy. Sir.

Sir Jolly. Run and get two Chairs preſently, be ſure you get two Chairs,

Sirrah, do you here? here's luck, here's luck, now or never Capt. never if not now Captain! here's luck.

Beau. *Sir Jolly*, no more Adventures ſweet *Sir Jolly*, I am like to have a very fine time on't truly.

Sir Jolly. The beſt in the World dear Dog, the very beſt in the World, 'sbud ſhe's here hard by man, ſtays on purpoſe for thee finely diſguis'd. The Cuckold has loſt her too; and no body knows any thing of the matter but I, no body but I, and I you muſt know, I am I, hah: and I you little Toad, hah!

Beau. You are a very fine Gentleman.

Sir Jolly. The beſt natur'd Fellow in the World I believe of my years! now does my heart ſo thump for fear this buſineſs ſhould miſcarry; why I'll warrant thee, the Lady is here man, ſhe's all thy own, 'tis thy own fault if thou art not *in terra incognita* within this half hour: come along, prithee come along, fie for ſhame, what make a Lady loſe her longing, come along I ſay, you——out upon't.

Beau. Sir your humble, I ſhan't ſtir.

Sir Jolly. What? not go!

Beau. No Sir, no Lady for me.

Sir Jolly. Not go! I ſhould laugh at that Faith.

Beau. No, I will aſſure you, not go Sir.

Sir Jolly. Away you Wag, you jeſt, you jeſt you wag; not go quotha?

Beau. No Sir, not go I tell you, what the Devil would you have more.

Sir Jolly. Nothing, nothing Sir, but I am a Gentleman.

Beau. With all my heart.

Sir Jolly. And do you think then that I'll be us'd thus.

Beau. Sir!

Sir Jolly. Take away my Reputation, and take away my Life; I ſhall be diſgrac't for ever.

Beau. I have not wrong'd you *Sir Jolly.*

Sir Jolly. Not wrong'd me! But you ſhall find you have wrong'd me, and wrong'd a ſweet Lady, and a fine Lady:——I ſhall never be truſted again! never have employment more! I ſhall dye of the Spleen ——prithee now be good natur'd, prithee be perſwaded, od I'l give thee this Ring, I'l give thee this Watch, 'tis Gold. I'l give thee any thing in the World, go.

Beau. Not one Foot Sir.

Sir Jolly. Now that I durſt but murder him——well, ſhall I fetch her to thee? What ſhall I do for thee?

Enter Lady Dunce.

'Ods fiſh here ſhe comes her ſelf, now you ill-natur'd Churl, now you Devil, look upon her, do but look upon her, what ſhall I ſay to her?

Beau. E'en what you pleaſe Sir *Jolly.*

Sir Jolly.

Sir Jolly. 'Tis a very ſtrange Monſter this—Madam this is the Gentleman, that's he, though (as one may ſay) he's ſomething baſhful, but I'l tell him who you are [*goes to Beaugard.*

If thou art not more cruel then *Leopards*, *Lyons*, *Tigers*, *Wolves*, or *Tartars*, don't break my Heart, don't kill me, this unkindneſs of thine goes to the Soul of me. [*goes to the Lady.*

Madam, he ſays, he's ſo amazed at your Triumphant Beauty, that he dares not approach the excellence that ſhines from you.

Lady D. What can be the meaning of all this?

Sir Jolly. Art thou then reſolv'd to be remorſeleſs? canſt thou be inſenſible, haſt thou Eyes? haſt thou a Heart? haſt thou any thing thou ſhouldſt have? odd I'l tickle thee, get you to her you Fool, get you to her, to her, to her, to her, ha, ha, ha.

Lady D. Have you forgot me *Beaugard?*

Sir Jolly. So now, to her agen I ſay, to her, to her and be hang'd, Ah Rogue? Ah Rogue! now, now, have at her, now have at her, there it goes, there it goes, Hey———Boys!———

Lady D. Methinks this Face ſhould not ſo much be alter'd, as to be nothing like what once I thought it, the object of your Pleaſure, and ſubject of your Praiſes.

Sir Jolly. Cunning Toad! Wheedling Jade! you ſhall ſee now how by degrees ſhe'l draw him into the Whirl-pool of Love, now he leers upon her, now he leers upon her, Oh law! there's Eyes! there's your Eyes! I muſt pinch him by the Calf of the Leg.

Beau. Madam, I muſt confeſs I do remember, that I had once acquaintance with a Face, whoſe Air and Beauty much reſembled yours, and if I may truſt my Heart, you are call'd *Clarinda.*

Lady D. Clarinda I was call'd, till my ill Fortune Wedded me, now you may have heard of me by another Title, your friend there, I ſuppoſe, has made nothing a ſecret to you.

Beau. And are you then that kind inchanted fair one who was ſo paſſionately in Love with my Picture, that you could not forbear betraying me to the Beaſt your Husband, and wrong the Paſſion of a Gentleman that languiſh't for you, only to make your Monſter merry? hark you Madam, had your fool bin worth it, I had beaten him, and have a Months mind to be exerciſing my parts that way upon your go between, your Male-Bawd there.

Sir Jolly. Ah Lord! Ah Lord! All's ſpoil'd agen, all's ruin'd, I ſhall be undone for ever, why what a Devil is the matter now? what have I done? what ſins have I committed.

Lady D. And are you that paſſionate Adorer of our Sex? who cannot Live a Week in *London*, without Loving, are you the Spark that ſends your Picture up and down to longing Ladies, longing for a pattern of your Perſon?

Beau. Yes Madam, when I receive ſo good Hoſtages as theſe are, [*ſhews the Gold.*

that it ſhall be well us'd, cou'd you find out no body but me to play the Fool withall?

Sir

Sir Jolly. Alack a day!

Lady D. Could you pitch upon no Body but that wretched Woman, that has loved you too well to abuse you thus?

Sir Jolly. That ever I was Born!

Beau. Here, here Madam, I'l return you your dirt, *I* scorn your Wages, as *I* do your Service.

Lady D. Fye for shame, what refund? That is not like a Souldier to refund, keep, keep it to pay your Sempstress withal.

Sir Jolly. His Sempstress, who the Devil is his Sempstress? Odd what wou'd *I* give to know that now!

Lady D. There was a Ring too, which I sent you this Afternoon, if that fit not your Finger, you may dispose of it some other way, where it may give no occasion of Scandal, and you'l do well.

Beau. A Ring Madam!

Lady D. A small trifle, I suppose Sir *David* deliver'd it to you when he return'd you your Mignature.

Beau. I beseech you Madam!

Lady D. Farewel you Traytor.

Beau. As I hope to be sav'd, and upon the word of a Gentleman.

Lady D. Go you are a false ungrateful Brute, and trouble me no more. [*Exit.*

Beau. Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly.

Sir Jolly. Ah thou Rebel!

Beau. Some advice, some advice, dear Friend, e're I'm ruin'd.

Sir Jolly. Ev'n two pennyworth of Hemp for your Honours supper, that's all the remedy that I know.

Beau. But prithee hear a little reason.

Sir Jolly. No Sir, I ha' done, no more to be said, I ha' done, I am asham'd of you, I'l have no more to say to you, I'l never see your Face again, good b'w'y. [*Exit Sir Jolly.*

Beau. Death and the Devil, what have my Stars been doing to day! a Ring! deliver'd by Sir *David*!—what can that mean?———Pox on her for a Jilt, she lies, and has a mind to amuse and laugh at me a day or two longer; hist, here comes her Beast once more: I'l use him Civilly, and try what Discovery I can make.

[*Enter Sir Davy Dunce.*

Sir Da. Ha, ha, ha! here's the Captains Jewel, very well: In troth I had like to have forgotten it, Ha, ha, ha,—how damnable Mad he'l be now, when I shall deliver him his Ring again, ha, ha!———Poor Dog, he'l hang himself at least, ha, ha, ha,——Faith, 'tis a very pretty Stone, and finely set: *Humph*! if I should keep it now!———I'll say I have lost it; no I'l give it him again, o' purpose to vex him, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Sir *David*, I am heartily sorrie.

Sir Da. Oh Sir, 'tis you I was seeking for, ha, ha, ha, what shall I say to him now to terrifie him? *Beau.*

Beau. Me, Sir!——

Sir Da. Ay, you Sir, if your name be Captain *Beaugard*: how like a Fool he looks already?——

Beau. What you pleaſe, Sir.

Sir Da. Sir, I ſhould ſpeak a word with you, if you think fit, what ſhall I do now to keep my countenance?

Beau. Can I be ſo happy, Sir, as to be able to ſerve you in any thing?

Sir Da. No Sir, ha, ha, ha, I have commands of ſervice to you Sir, oh Lord! ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Me, Sir.

Sir Da. Ay Sir, you Sir, but put on your hat, Friend, put on your hat, be cover'd.

Beau. Sir, will you pleaſe to ſit down on this bank?

Sir Da. No, no, there's no need, no need, for all I have a young Wife I can ſtand upon my legs, Sweet-heart.

Beau. Sir, *I* beſeech you!

Sir Da. By no means, *I* think friend, we had ſome hard words juſt now, 'twas about a paultry baggage, but ſhe's a pretty baggage, and a witty baggage, and a baggage that——

Beau. Sir, I am heartily aſham'd of all miſdemeanour on my ſide.

Sir Da. You do well, though are not you a damn'd Whore-maſter, a deviliſh Cuckold-making fellow; here, here, do you ſee this? here's the Ring you ſent a Roguing; Sir, do you think my Wife wants any thing that you can help her to?——Why I'll warrant this Ring coſt fifty pound: What a prodigal Fellow are you to throw away ſo much monie; or didſt thou ſteal it old Boy? I believe thou maiſt be poor, *I'll* lend thee money upon't, if thou think'ſt fit, at thirty in the hundred, becauſe I love thee, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Sir, your humble Servant, I am ſorry 'twas not worth your Ladies acceptance, now what a dog am *I*!

Sir Da. I ſhould have given it thee before, but faith I forgot it, though it was not my Wives fault in the leaſt, for ſhe ſays as thou likeſt this uſage, ſhe hopes to have thy cuſtom again Child; ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Then Sir, I beſeech you tell her, that you have made a Convert on me, and that I am ſo ſenſible of my inſolent behaviour towards her——

Sir Da. Very well, I ſhall do it.

Beau. That 'tis impoſſible I ſhall ever be at peace with my ſelf till *I* find ſome way how I may make her reparation.

Sir Da. Very good, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. And that if ever ſhe find me guilty of the like offence again.——

Sir Da. No Sir, you had not beſt, but proceed, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Let her baniſh all good opinion of me for ever.

Sir Da. No more to be ſaid, your Servant, good b'w'y.

Beau. One word more, I beſeech you, Sir *Davy*.

Sir Da. What's that?

Beau.

Beau. I beg you tell her, that the generous reproof ſhe has given me has ſo wrought upon me———

Sir Da. Well, I will.

Beau. That I eſteem this Jewel, not only as a wreck redeem'd from my folly, but that for her ſake I will preſerve it to the utmoſt moment of my life.

Sir Da. With all my heart, I vow and ſwear.

Beau. And that I long to convince her I am not the Brute ſhe might miſtake me for.

Sir Da. Right; well, this will make the pureſt ſport, (*Aſide*;) let me ſee, firſt you acknowledge your ſelf to be a very impudent Fellow.

Beau. I do ſo, Sir.

Sir Da. And that you ſhall never be at reſt, till you have ſatisfi'd my Lady.

Beau. Right, Sir.

Sir Da. Satisfi'd her, very good, ha, ha, ha, and that you will never play the fool any more, be ſure you keep your word, Friend.

Beau. Never, Sir.

Sir Da. And that you will keep that Ring for her ſake, as long as you live, hah!———

Beau. To the day of my death, I'll aſſure you.

Sir Da. I proteſt that will be very kindly done———and that you long mightily, long to let her underſtand that you are another-gueſs Fellow than ſhe may take you for.

Beau. Exactly Sir, that is the ſum and end of my deſires.

Sir Da. Well, I'll take care of your buſineſs, I'll do your buſineſs, I'll warrant you, this will make the pureſt ſport when I come home, no, (*Aſide.*) Well your Servant, remember, be ſure you remember, your Servant.

Beau. So, now I find a Husband is a delicate inſtrument rightly made uſe of;———To make her old jealous Coxcomb pimp for me himſelf, I think 'tis as worthy an employment as ſuch a noble Conſort can be put to.

Ah were ye all ſuch Husbands and ſuch Wives,
We younger Brothers ſhou'd lead better lives.

ACT III.

SCENE Covent-Garden.

Enter Sylvia, *and* Courtine.

Sylv. TO fall in love, and to fall in love with a Souldier! nay, a disbanded Souldier too, a fellow with the mark of *Cain* upon him, which every body knows him by, and is ready to throw ſtones at him for.

Cour.

Cour. Dam her, I shall never enjoy her without ravishing; if she were but very rich and very ugly, *I* wou'd marry her; Ay, 'tis she, I know her mischievous look too well to be mistaken in it,——Madam!——

Sylv. Sir.

Cour. 'Tis a very hard Case, that you have resolv'd not to let me be quiet.

Silv. 'Tis very unreasonably done of you, Sir, to haunt me up and down every where at this scandalous rate, the world will think we are acquainted shortly.

Cour. But, Madam, *I* shall fairly take more care of my Reputation, and from this time forward shun and avoid you most watchfully.

Sylv. Have you not haunted this place these two hours?

Cour. 'I was because I knew it to be your Ladyships home then, and therefore might reasonably be the place you least of all frequented, one would imagine you were gone a Coxcomb-hunting by this time, to some place of publick appearance or other, 'tis pretty near the hour, twill be twilight presently, and then the Owles come all abroad.

Sylv. What need I take the trouble to go so far a fowling, when there's game enough at our own doors?

Cour. What game for your net, fair Ladie?

Sylv. Yes, or any womans Net else, that will spread it.

Cour. To shew you how despicablie I think of the business, I will here leave you presently, though I lose the pleasure of railing at you.

Sylv. Do so, I wou'd advise you, your raillery betrays your wit, as bad as your clumsey civility does your breeding.

Cour. Adieu!——

Sylv. Farewell!——

Cour. Why do not you go about your business?

Sylv. Because I wou'd be sure to be rid of you first, that you might not dog me.

Cour. Were it but possible that you cou'd answer me one question truly, and then I should be satisfi'd.

Sylv. Any thing for composition to be rid of you handsomly.

Cour. Are you really very honest? Look in my Face and tell me that.

Sylv. Look in your Face and tell you, for what? To spoil my Stomach to my Supper.

Cour. No, but to get thee a Stomach to thy Bed, Sweet-heart, I would if possible be better acquainted with thee because thou art very ill-natur'd.

Sylv. Your only way to bring that business about effectually, is to be more troublesome, and if you think it worth your while to be abus'd substantially; you may make your personal appearance this Night.

Cour. How? where? and when? and what hour I beseech thee?

Sylv. Under the Window, between the hours of eleven and twelve exactly.

Cour. Where shall these lovely Eyes, and Ears hear my Plaints and see my Tears.

Sylv. At that kind hour thy griefs shall end, if thou canst know thy Foe from thy Friend. [*Exit* Syl.

Cour. Here's another trick of the Devil now, under that Window between the hours of eleven and twelve exactly, I am a damn'd Fool, and must go, let me see, suppose I meet with a lusty beating! pish, that's nothing for a man that's in love, or suppose she contrive some way to make a publick Coxcomb of me, and expose me to the scorn of the World, for an example to all amorous Block-heads hereafter? why if she do, I'll swear I have lain with her, beat her Relations, if they pretend to Vindicate her, and so there's one love intrigue pretty well over. [*Exit* Cour.

Enter Sir David, *and* Vermin.

Sir *Da.* Go, get you in to your Ladie now, and tell her, I am comeing.

Verm. Her Ladyship, Right-worshipful, is pleas'd not to be at home.

Sir *Da.* How's that? my Ladie not at home! run, run in and ask when she went forth, whither she is gone, and who is with her, run and ask, *Vermin.*

Ver. She went out in her Chair presently after you this After-noon.

Sir *Da.* Then I may be a Cuckold still for ought I know, what will become of me? I have surely lost, and we'll shall find her more, she promis'd me strictly to stay at home, till I came back again; for ought I know she may be up three pair of stairs in the Temple now.

Verm. Is her Ladyship in Law then, Sir?

Sir *Da.* Or it may be taking the Air as far as Knights-bridge with some smooth-fac'd Rogue or another: 'tis a damn'd house, that Swan, that Swan at Knights-bridge is a confounded house, *Vermin.*

Verm. Do you think she is there then?

Sir *Da.* No, I do not think she is there neither; but such a thing may be, you know; would that *Barn-Elms* was under water too, there's a 1000 Cuckolds a Year made at *Barn-Elms*, by *Rosamonds* ponds, the Devil if she shou'd be there this evening, my heart's broke.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir *Jol.* That must be Sir *Davy*; Ay, that's he, that's he, ha, ha, ha, was ever the like heard of? was ever any thing so pleasant?

Sir *Da.* I'll lock her up three daies, and three nights, without meat, drink or light, I'll humble her in the Devils name.

Sir *Jol.* Well, cou'd I but meet my Friend, Sir *Davy*, it wou'd be the joyfullest news for him ——

Sir *Da.* Who's there that has any thing to say to me?

Sir *Jol.* Ah my Friend of Friends, such news, such tidings!

Sir *Da.* I have lost my Wife Man.

Sir *Jol.* Lost her! She's not dead I hope?

Sir

Sir *Da.* Yes. Alas, she's dead, irrecoverably lost.

Sir *Jol.* Why, *I* parted with her within this half hour.

Sir *Da.* Did you so, are you sure it was she? where was it? I'll have my Lord-Chief-Justices Warrant and a Constable presently.

Sir *Jol.* And she made the purest sport now, with a young Fellow, Man, that she met withall accidentally.

Sir *Da.* Oh Lord! that's worse and worse, a Young fellow!——— my Wife making sport with a young fellow! oh Lord! here are doings! here are vagaries! I'll run mad, I'll climb Bow Steeple presently, bestride the Draggon, and preach Cuckoldom to the whole City.

Sir *Jol.* The best of all was too, that it happen'd to be an idle Coxcomb that pretended to be in love with her, Neighbour.

Sir *Da.* Indeed! in love with her! who was it? what's his Name? *I* warrant you won't tell a Body,——I'll indite him in the Crown Office; no I'll issue Warrants to apprehend him for Treason upon the Statute of *Edw.* 10*th.* won't you tell me what young Fellow it was, was it a very handsome young Fellow, hah———

Sir *Jol.* Handsome! yes hang him, the fellow's handsome enough; he is not very handsome neither, but he has a devillish leering black-eye.

Sir *Da.* Oh Lord!

Sir *Jol.* His face too is a good rideing Face, 'tis no soft effeminate complexion indeed, but his countenance is ruddy, sanguine, and chearful, a devillish fellow in a Corner, I'll warrant him.

Sir *Da.* Bless us! what will become of me, why the devil did *I* marry a young Wife? Is he very well shap'd too, tall, streight, and proportionable, hah!———

Sir *Jol.* Tall? No, he's not very tall neither, yet he is tall enough too, he's none of your overgrown lubberly Flanders Jades, but more of the true *English* breed, well knit, able, and fit for service old Boy; the Fellow is well shap'd truly, very well proportion'd, strong, and active, *I* have seen the Rogue leap like a Buck.

Sir *Da.* Who can this be? Well, and what think you, Friend, has he been there? Come, come, I'm sensible she's a young Woman, and *I* am an old Fellow, troth a very old Fellow, *I* signifie little or nothing now, but do you think he has prevailed? am *I* Cuckold, Neighbour?

Sir *Jol.* Cuckold! what! a Cuckold in *Covent-Garden*? No I'll assure you, *I* believe her to be the most vertuous Woman in the World; but if you had but seen him———

Sir *Da.* Ay, wou'd I had, what was it?

Sir *Jol.* How like a Rogue he us'd him: First of all comes me up the Spark to her, Madam, says he———and then he bows down, thus——how now, says she, what would the impertinent Fellow have?

Sir *Da.* Humph! ha! well, and what then?

Sir *Jol.* Madam, says he again (bowing as he did before) my heart is so entirely yours, that except you take pittie of my sufferings *I* must here dye at your Feet.

Sir *Da.* So, and what said she again, Neighbour? ha!

Sir *Jol.* Go, you are a Fop.

Sir *Da.* Ha, ha, ha, did ſhe indeed? Did ſhe ſay ſo indeed? *I* am glad on't, troth *I* am very glad on't; well, and what next? And, how, and well, and what? ha!——

Sir *Jol.* Madam, ſays he, this won't do; *I* am your humble Servant, for all this, you may pretend to be as ill-natur'd as you pleaſe, but *I* ſhall make bold.

Sir *Da.* Was there ever ſuch an impudent Fellow?

Sir *Jol.* With that, Sirrah, ſays ſhe, you are a ſawſie Jakanapes, and I'll have you kickt.

Sir *Da.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, *I* wou'd not be unmarri'd again to be an Angel.

Sir *Jol.* But the beſt Jeaſt of all was who this ſhould be at laſt.

Sir *Da.* Ay, who indeed! I'll warrant you ſome ſilly Fellow or other; poor Fool!

Sir *Jol.* E'en a ſcandalous Rake-hell, that lingers up and down the Town by the Name of Captain *Beaugard*, but he has been a bloody Cuckold-making Scoundrel in his time.

Sir *Da.* Hang him Sot, is it he? I don't value him thus, not a wet finger Man, to my knowledge ſhe hates him, ſhe ſcorns him Neighbour, I know it, I am very well ſatisfi'd in the point, beſides I have ſeen him ſince that, and out-hector'd him: I am to tell her from his own mouth, that he promiſes never to affront her more.

Sir *Jol.* Indeed. [*A Letter.*

Sir *Da.* Ay, Ay.——

Enter Lady Dunce, paying her Chairman.

Chairman. God bleſs you, Madam, thank your Honour.

Sir *Jol.* Huſh, huſh, there's my Lady, I'll be gone, I'll not be ſeen, your humble Servant, God b'w'y.

Sir *Da.* No faith, Sir *Jolly*, e'en go into my houſe now, and ſtay Supper with me, we han't ſup't together a great while.

Sir *Jol.* Hah! ſay you ſo, I don't care if I do, faith withall my heart; this may give me an opportunity to ſet all things right again. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Da.* My Dear!

Lady D. Sir!

Sir *Da.* You have been abroad, my Dear, I ſee?

Lady D. Only for a little Air, truly I was almoſt ſtifled within doors, I hope you will not be angry, Sir *David*, will you?

Sir *Da.* Angry Child? no Child, not I; what ſhould I be angry for?

Lady D. I wonder Sir *David*, you will ſerve me at this rate. Did you not promiſe me to go in my behalf to *Beaugard*, and correct him according to my inſtructions for his inſolence?

Sir *Da.* So, I did, Child; I have been with him, Sweet-heart, I have told him all to a tittle, I gave him back again the Picture too, but as the Devil would have it, I forgot the Ring, faith I did.

Lady

Lady D. Did you purpose, Sir *Sedan*, to render me ridiculous to the man I abominate, what scandalous interpretation think you must he make of my retaining any trifle of his sent me on so dishonourable terms?

Sir *Da.* Really, my Lamb, thou art in the right; yet I went back afterwards, Dear-heart, and did the business to some purpose.

Lady D. I am glad that you did with all my heart.

Sir *Da.* I gave him his lesson, I'll warrant him.

Lady D. Lesson! what lesson had you to give him?

Sir *Da.* Why, *I* told him as he lik'd that usage he might come again, ha, ha, ha.

Lady D. Ay, and so let him.

Sir *Da.* With all my heart, I'll give him free leave, or hang me: though thou wou'd'st not imagine how the poor Devil's after'd. La you there now, but as certainly as *I* stand here, that man is troubled that he swears he shall not rest day nor night till he has satisfied thee; prithee be satisfi'd with him if 'tis possible, my Dear, prithee do, *I* promis'd him before *I* left him to tell thee as much, for the poor wretch looks so simply, *I* cou'd not chuse but pity him, *I* vow and swear, ha, ha, ha.

Jol. Now, now, you little Witch, now you Chitface, odd I cou'd find in my heart to put my little Finger in your Bubbies.

Lady D. Sir *David*, *I* must tell you, that *I* cannot but resent your so soon reconcilement with a man that *I* hate worse then death, and that if you lov'd me with half that tenderness which you profess, you wou'd not forget an affront so palpably, and so basely offer'd me.

Sir *Da.* Why Chicken, where's the Remedy? what's to be done? how wouldst thou have me deal with him?

Lady D. Cut his throat.

Sir *Da.* Bless us for ever? cut his throat? what do murder?

Lady D. Murder, yes, any thing to such an incorrigible Enemy of your honour, one that has resolv'd to persist in abusing of you, see here this Letter, this *I* receiv'd since I last parted with you; just now it was thrown into my Chair by an impudent Lacquey of his, kept o' purpose for such imployments.

Sir *Da.* Let me see: A Letter indeed!——for the Lady *Dunce*——damn'd Rogue, treacherous dog, what can he say in the inside now? here's a Villain.

Lady D. Yes, you had best break it open, you had so, 'tis like the rest of your discretion.

Sir *Da.* Lady, if *I* have an enemy, it is best for me to know what mischief he intends me, therefore, with your leave, *I* will break it open.

Lady D. Do, do, to have him believe that *I* was pleas'd enough with it to do it my self, if you have the Spirit of a Gentleman in you, carry it back, and dash it as it is in the face of that audacious Fellow.

Sir *Jol.* What can be the meaning of this now?

Sir *Da.* A Gentleman, yes, Madam, *I* am a Gentleman, and the world shall find that *I* am a Gentleman,——*I* have certainly the best Woman in the World.

Lady

Lady D. What do you think must be the end of all this? I have no refuge in the world but your kindness, but a Jealous Husband now, how miserable must my life be.

Sir *Dav.* Ah Rogues, Ah Devil, ah Toad! coming thief, wheedling Slut, I'll bite 'em by and by.

Sir *Dav.* Poor Fool, no Dear, I am not Jealous, nor never will be jealous of thee: Do what thou will thou shalt not make me Jealous, I love thee too well to suspect thee.

Lady D. Ah but how long will you be so?

Sir *Da.* How long! as long as *I* live *I* warrant, thee, *I* don't talk to a body so: I cannot hold if thou dost, my eyes will run over, poor Fool, poor Bird, nie! poor Bambkin!

Lady D. But will you be so kind to me to answer my desires, will you contrive some how or other to make that Fop or sensible that is have too long a time coo'd you, not to value his addresses as they deserve?

Sir *Da.* Ay, Ay, *I will.*

Lady D. But don't stay away too long, Dear, make what haste you can, I shall be in pain till I see you again.

Sir *Da.* My Dear, my Love, my Bauby, I'll be with thee in a moment, how happy am I above the rest of men! Neighbour, dear Neighbour, walk in with my Wife, and keep her company, till I return again. Child don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, was there ever such a Wife, well, da, da, da, don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, Da, da, da. [*Exit.*

Lady D. Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* Don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, da, da.

Lady Du. But Sir *Jolly*, can you guess where about my wandring Officer may be probably found now?

Sir *Jol.* Found Ladie? he is to be found, Madam, he is to be at my house precisely Ladie, he's certainly one of the finest Fellows in the World.

Lady D. You speak like a Friend, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* His Friend, Lady; no Madam his Foe, his utter Enemy, I shall be his ruin, *I* shall undo him.

Lady D. You may, if you please, then come both and play at Cards this Evening with me for an hour or too, for I have contriv'd it so that Sir *Davis* is to be abroad at Supper to night, he cannot possibly avoid it; I long to win some of the Captains Money strangely.

Sir *Jol.* Do you so, my Gamester? Well, I'll be sure to bring him, and for what he carries about him I'll warrant you——odd he's a pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, he has only one fault.

Lady D. And what is that I beseech you Sir?

Sir *Jol.* Only too loving, too good Natur'd, that's all, 'tis certainly the best nature of Fool in reaching, that's all his fault.

Lady D. Hist, hist, I think I see company coming, if you please, Sir *Jolly* we'll go in.

Enter

Exit Beaugard, *follow'd by* Sir Davy Vermin.

Sir *Joh.* Mum, mum, mum, 'tis he himself, the very same; odds so, Sir *Davy* after him too, hush, hush, hush, let us be gone, let us retire, do but look upon him now, mind him a little, there's a shape, there's an Air, there's a motion? Ah Rogue, ah Devil, get you in, get you in, I say there's a shape for you. *Exit.*

Beau. What the Divel shall I do to recover this days loss again, my honourable Pimp too, my Pander Knight has forsaken me, methinks I am quandari'd like one going with a party to discover the Enemies Camp; but had lost his guide upon the mountains: Curse on him, old *Argus* is here agen, there can be no good Fortune towards me when he's at my heels.

Sir *Da.* Sir, Sir, Sir, one word with you Sir. Captain, Captain, noble Captain, one word, I beseech you.

Beau. With me Friend?

Sir *Da.* Yes with you, my no Friend.

Beau. Sir *David*, my intimate, my Bosom Physitian——

Sir *Da.* Ah Rogue? damn'd Rogue?

Beau. My Confessor, my dearest Friend, I ever had——

Sir *Da.* Dainty Wheadle, here's a Fellow for ye.

Beau. One that has taught me to be in love with Vertue, and shewn me the ugly inside of my Follies.

Sir *Da.* Your humble Servant.

Beau. Is that all? if you are as cold in your Love as you are in your Friendship, Sir *Davy*, your Lady has the worst time on't of any one in Christendom.

Sir *Da.* So she has, Sir, when she cannot be free from the insolent solicitations of such Fellows as you are, Sir.

Beau. As me, Sir? why who am *I*, good Sir Domine Doddle-pate?

Sir *Da.* So, take notice he threatens me, I'll have him bound to the peace instantly, will you never have remorse of Conscience Friend? have you banisht all shame from your Soul? Do you consider my Name is Sir *Davy Dunce*? that *I* have the most vertuous Wife living? Do you consider that? Now how like a Rogue he looks again; what a hang-dog leer was that?

Beau. Your vertuous Wife, Sir, you are always harping upon that string, Sir *Davy*.

Sir *Da.* No, 'tis you wou'd be harping upon that string, Sir, see you this? cast your eyes upon this, this Letter Sir, did not you promise this very day, to abandon all manner of proceedings of this Nature, tending to the dishonour of me and my Family?

Beau. Letter, Sir? what the divel does he mean now? Let me see, For the Lady *Dunce*, this is no scrawl of mine, I'll be Sworn by *Jove* her own hand! What a Dog was I! forty to one but *I* had play'd the Fool, and spoil'd all again; was there ever so Charming a Creature breathing——did your Lady deliver this to your hands Sir?

Sir

Sir *Da.* Ev'n her own ſelf in perſon, Sir, and bad me tell you Sir, that ſhe has too juſt an eſteem of me Sir, not to value ſuch a Fellow as you are as you deſerve.

Beau. Very good: (*Reads the Letter*) *I* doubt not but this Letter will ſurprize you ——— (in troth, and ſo it does extreamly) but reflect upon the manner of conveighing it to your hand as kindly as you can.

Sir *Da.* Ay a damn'd Thief to have it thrown into the Chair by a Footman.

Beau. (*Reads*) Would Sir *Davy* were but half ſo kind to you as I am.

Sir *Da.* Say you ſo you inſinuating Knave. [Sir Jolly *Reads.*

Beau. But he *I* am ſatisfi'd is ſo ſeverely Jealous, that except you contrive ſome way to let me ſee you this evening: *I* fear all will be hopeleſs.

Sir *Da.* Impudent Traytor, *I* might have been a Monſter yet before *I* had got my Supper in my Belly.

Beau. In order to which either appear your ſelf, or ſome body for you, half an hour hence in the *Piazza*, when more may be conſidered of, adieu.

Sir *Da.* Thanks to you, noble Sir, with all my heart, you are come *I* ſee accordingly, but as a Friend *I* am bound in Conſcience to tell the buſineſs won't do, the trick won't paſs Friend, you may put up your Pipes, and march off: Oh Lord! he lye with my Wife, Pughhh, he make Sir *Davy Dunce* a Cuckold, poor wretch, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Jol.* Hiſt, hiſt, hiſt.

Enter Lady Dunce, *and* Fourbin diſguis'd.

Lady D. That's he, there he is! ſucceed, and be rewarded.

Four. Other people may think what they pleaſe; but in my own opinion, *I* am a very pretty Fellow now, if my deſign but ſucceed upon this old Baboon, I'll be canoniz'd. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Sir *Da.* Friend! with me? Wou'd you ſpeak with me, Friend.

Fourb. Sir, my commands were to attend your Worſhip.

Sir *Jol. Beaugard, Beaugard*, hiſt, hiſt, here, here, quickly hiſt.

Sir *Da.* Where do you live Sweet heart, and who do you belong to?

Fourb. Sir *I* am a ſmall Inſtrument of the City, I ſerve the Lord Mayor in his Office there.

Sir *Da.* How, the Lord Mayor!

Four. Yes, Sir, who deſires you by all means to do him the Honour of your company at ſupper this evening.

Sir *Da.* It will be the greateſt honour *I* ever receiv'd in my Life, what my Lord Mayor invite me to ſupper? *I* am his Lordſhips moſt humble ſervant.

Four. Yes, Sir, if your name be Sir *Davy Dunce*, as I have the honour to be inform'd it is, he deſires you moreover to make what haſte you can, for that he has ſome matters of importance to communicate to your honour, which may take up ſome time.

Lady

Lady D. I hope it will ſucceed.

Sir Da. Communicate with me, he does me too noble a favour, I'll fly upon the wings of Ambition to lay my ſelf at his Footſtool; My Lord-Mayor ſends himſelf to invite me to Supper, to confer with me too: I ſhall certainly be a great Man.

Fourb. What Anſwer will your Worſhip charge me back withal?

Sir. Da. Let his Lordſhip know that I am amazed, and confounded, at his generoſity, and that I am ſo tranſported with the honour he does me, that I will not fail to wait on him in the roaſting of an Egg.

Fourb. I am your Worſhips lowly Slave.

Sir Da. Vermin, go get the Coach ready, get me the Gold Medal too and Chain which I took from the *Roman* Catholick Officer for a Popiſh Relick; I'l be fine, I'l ſhine and drink Wine that's Divine, My Lord-Mayor invite me to Supper!

Lady D. My Deareſt, I'm glad to ſee thee return'd in ſafety from the bottom of my heart, haſt thou ſeen the Traitor?

Sir Da. Seen him? hang him, I have ſeen him, Pox on him, ſeen him.

Lady D. Well, and what is become of him? Where is he?

Sir Da. Why doſt thou ask me where he is? what a Pox care I what becomes of him, prithee don't trouble me with thy impertinence, I am buſie.

Lady D. You are not Angry, my Dear, are you?

Sir Da. No, but I am pleas'd, and that's all one, very much pleas'd let me tell you, but that I am only to ſup with my Lord-Mayor, that's all, nothing elſe in the World, only the buſineſs of the Nation calls upon me, that's all, therefore once more I ſay don't be troubleſome, but ſtand off.

Lady D. You always think my company troubleſome, you never ſtay at home to comfort me, what think you I ſhall do alone by my ſelf all this Evening? moping in my Chamber, pray my Joy ſtay with me for once; I hope he won't take me at my word. [*Aſide.*

Sir Da. I ſay again and again, Tempter ſtand off, I will not loſe my preferment for my pleaſure, honour is towards me, and fleſh and blood are my Averſion.

Lady Da. But how long will you ſtay then?

Sir Da. I don't know, may be not an hour, may be all night, as his Lordſhip and I think fit, what's that to any body.

Lady D. You are very cruel to me.

Sir Da. I can't help it, go, get you in, and paſs away the time with your Neighbour, I'l be back again before I die; in the mean time be humble and conformable, go: is the Coach ready?

Verm. Yes Sir.

Sir Da. Well, your Servant, what nothing to my Lady Mayoreſs! you have a great deal of Breeding indeed, a great deal, nothing to my Lady Moyoreſs?

Lady D. My ſervice to her, if you pleaſe.

Sir D. Well, Da, Da, the poor fool cries o' my conſcience! Adieu, do you hear, farewell. [*Exit.*

Lady D. As well as what I love can make me.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. Madam, is he gone?

Lady D. In poſt haſte I aſſure.

Sir Jol. In troth and joy go with him.

Lady D. Do you then, *Sir Jolly*, conduct the Captain hither, whilſt I go and diſpoſe of the Family, that we may be private. [*Ex.*

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir D. Troth I had forgot my Medal and Chain, quite and clean forgot my Relique, I was forced to come up theſe back ſtairs, for fear of meeting my Wife again, it is the troubleſom'ſt loving Fool, I muſt into my Cloſet, and write a ſhort Letter too, 'tis Poſt night, I had forgot that; well, I would not have my Wife catch me for a Guinny. [*Exit.*

Enter Beaugard *and* Lady D.

Beau. Are you certain, Madam, no body is this way? I fancy as we enter'd I ſaw the glimpſe of ſomething more than ordinary.

Lady D. Is it your care of me? or your perſonal fears, that make you ſo ſuſpicious? whereabouts was the Apparition?

Beau. There, there, juſt at the very door.

Lady D. Fie for ſhame, that's *Sir Davy's* Cloſet, and he I am ſatisfi'd is far enough off by this time. I'm ſure I heard the Coach drive him away. But to convince you, you ſhall ſee now; *Sir Davy, Sir Davy, Sir Davy,* [*knocking at the Cloſet door*] look you there, you a Captain and afraid of a ſhadow, come Sir, ſhall we call for the Cards?

Beau. And what ſhall we play for, pretty One!

Lady D. E'en what you think Beſt, Sir.

Beau. Silver Kiſſes, or Golden Joyes! come let us make Stakes a little.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jolly. Ah Rogue, ah Rogue! are you there? have I caught you in Faith, now, now, now!

Lady D. And who ſhall keep them?

Beau. You, till *Sir Davy* returns from Supper.

Lady D. That may be long enough, for our Engine *Forbin* his Orders not to give him over ſuddenly, I aſſure you.

Beau. And is't to your ſelf then I'm oblig'd for this bleſt opportunity?

ty? Let us improve it to Love's best advantage.

Sir Jolly. Ah, h, h, h! Ah, h, h, h, h!

Beau. Let's vow eternal, and raise our thoughts, to expectation of immortal pleasures, in one anothers eyes let's read our joyes, till we've no longer power o're our desires, drunk with this dissolving, oh!——

Enter Sir Davy *from his Closet.*

Lady D. Ah! [*Squeaks.*

Beau. By this light the Cuckold, *Presto*, nay then Hallo.

[*Gets up and runs away.*

Sir Da. Oh Lord, a Man! a Man in my Wife's Chamber; Murder, Murder, Thieves, Thieves, shut up my Doors! Madam! Madam! Madam!

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. Ay, Ay, Thieves, Thieves, Mrder, Murder, where Neighbour, where, where?

Lady D. Pierce, pierce this wretched Heart, hard to the Hilts, dye this in deepest crimson of my Blood, spare not a miserable Womans life, whom Heav'n design'd to be the unhappy object of the most horrid usage Man e're acted. *Catches up* Beaugard's *sword which he had left behind him in the hurry, and presents it to* Sir Davy.

Sir Da. What in the name of Satan does she mean now?

Lady D. Curse on my fatal beauty! blasted ever be these two baneful eyes, that could inspire a barbarous Villain to attempt such crimes as all my blood's too little to attone for: Nay, you shall hear me.——

Sir Da. Hear you, Madam? No, I have seen too much, I thank you heartily, hear you Quotha!——

Lady D. Yes, and before I die too I'll be justifi'd.

Sir Jol. Justifi'd, oh Lord, justifi'd!——

Lady D. Notice being given me of your return, I came with speed to this unhappy place, where I have oft been blest with your Embraces, when from behind the Arras out starts *Beaugard*, how he came there heav'n knows.

Sir Da. I'll have him hang'd for Burglary, he has broken my House, and broke the Peace upon my Wife, very good!

Lady D. Straight in his Arms he grasp't me fast, with much ado I plung'd and got my freedom, ran to your Closet door, knockt and implor'd your aid, call'd on your name, but all in vain——

Sir *Da.* Hah!

Lady D. Soon again he seiz'd me, stopt my mouth, and with a Conquerors fury——

Sir Da. Oh Lord! oh Lord! no more, no more, *I* beseech thee, *I* shall grow mad, and very mad, I'l plough up Rocks and Adamantine Iron bars, I'l crack the frame of Nature, sally out like *Tamberlain* upon

upon the *Trojan* Horſe, and drive the Pigmies all like Geeſe before me; Oh Lord, ſtop her mouth! well! and how? and what then! ſtopt thy mouth! well! hah!

Lady D. No, though unfortunate, *I* ſtill am innocent, his curſed purpoſe could not be accompliſht, but who will live ſo injur'd? No I'll die to be reveng'd on my ſelf, *I* ne'r can hope that *I* may ſee his ſtreaming gore: and thus *I* let out my own——— *Offers to run upon the ſword.*

Sir Da. Ha! what wouldſt thou do my love, prithee don't break my heart? If thou wilt kill, kill me; *I* know thou art innocent, *I* ſee thou art; though *I* had rather be a Cuckold a thouſand times than loſe thee, poor Love, poor Dearee, poor Baby.

Sir Jol. Alack a day——— [*Weeps.*

Lady D. Ah me!———

Sir Da. Ah, prithee be comforted now, prithee do, why I'll love thee the better for this, for all this Mun, why ſhouldſt be troubled for anothers Ill doings! *I* know it was no fault of thine.

Sir Jol. No, no more it was not, *I* dare ſwear.

Sir Da. See, ſee, my Neighbour weeps too, he's troubled to ſee thee thus.

Lady D. Oh, but revenge!

Sir Da. Why thou ſhalt have revenge, I'l have him murder'd, I'l have his throat cut before to morrow morning, Child; riſe now, prithee riſe.

Sir Jol. Ay, do Madam, and ſmile upon Sir *Davy*.

Lady D. But will you love me then as well as e're you did?

Sir Da. Ay, and the longeſt day *I* live too.

Lady D. and ſhall *I* have Juſtice done me on that prodigious Monſter?

Sir *Da.* Why, he ſhall be Crows meat by to morrow night, *I* tell thee he ſhall be Crows meat by midnight Chicken.

Lady D. Then *I* will live, ſince ſo 'tis ſomething pleaſant.
When *I* in Peace may lead a happy Life,
With ſuch a Husband———

Sir *Da.* *I* with ſuch a Wife.

ACT. IV.

SCENE The Tavern.

Enter Beaugard, Courtine *and* Drawer.

Draw. WElcome Gentlemen, very welcome Sir: will you pleaſe to walk up one pair of ſtairs?

Beau. Get the great Room ready preſently, carry up too a good ſtock of

of Bottles before-hand, with Ice to cool our Wine, and Water to refreſh our Glaſſes.

Draw. It ſhall be done Sir; Coming, coming there, Coming: ſpeak up in the Dolphin ſome-body.

Beau. Ah *Courtine*, muſt we be always idle! muſt we never ſee our glorious days again! when ſhall we be rowling in the Lands of Milk and Honey; incampt in large luxuriant Vineyards, where the loaded Vines Cluſter about our Tents, drink the rich Juice, juſt preſt from the plump Grape, feeding on all the fragrant golden Fruit that grow in Fertile Climes, and ripen'd by the earlieſt vigour of the Sun?

Court. Ah *Beaugard*! thoſe days have been, but now we muſt reſolve to content our ſelves at an humble rate: methinks it is not unpleaſant to conſider how *I* have ſeen thee in a large Pavillion; drowning the heat of the day in *Campagne* Wines, ſparkling ſweet as thoſe charming Beauties, whoſe dear remembrance every glaſs recorded, with half a dozen honeſt Fellows more, Friends *Beaugard*, faithful hearty Friends, things as hard to meet with as preferment here: Fellows that would ſpeak truth boldly, and were proud on't, that ſcorn'd flattery, lov'd honeſty; for 'twas their portion, and never yet learn'd the Trade of eaſe and lying, but now.——

Beau. Ay, now we are at home in our natural Hives, and ſleep like Drones; but there's a Gentleman on the other ſide the Water, that may make work for us all one day.

Cour. But in the mean while——

Beau. In the mean while patience, *Courtine*, that is the *Engliſh* mans Vertue: Go to the man that ows you money, and tell him you are neceſſitated, his anſwer ſhall be, a little patience *I* beſeech you, Sir: Ask a Cowardly Raſcal ſatisfaction for a ſordid injury done you, he ſhall cry, alas a day, Sir, you are the ſtrangeſt Man living, you won't have patience to hear one ſpeak: Complain to a great Man that you want preferment, that you have forſaken conſiderable advantages abroad, in obedience to publick Edicts, all you ſhall get of him is this, you muſt have patience, Sir.

Court. But will patience feed me, or cloath me, or keep me clean?

Beau. Prithee no more hints of Poverty: 'tis ſcandalous, 'sDeath *I* wou'd as ſoon chuſe to hear a Souldier brag as complain, doſt thou want any Money?

Court. True indeed, *I* want no neceſſaries to keep me alive; but *I* do not enjoy my ſelf with that freedom *I* wou'd do, there is no more pleaſure in living at ſtint, then there is in living alone. *I* wou'd have it in my power (when he needed me) to ſerve and aſſiſt my Friend, *I* would to my Ability deal handſomely too by the Woman that pleaſed me.

Beau. Oh fy for ſhame! you wou'd be a Whoremaſter, Friend, go, go, I'l have no more to do with you.

Court. *I* wou'd not be forced neither at any time to avoid a Gentleman that had obliged me, for want of Money to pay him a debt contracted

tracted in our old acquaintance, it turns my Stomach to wheadle with the Rogue *I* ſcorn when he uſes me Scurvily, becauſe he has my Name in his Shop-Book.

Beau. As for example, to endure the familiaritys of a Rogue, that ſhall cock his greaſy Hat in my Face, when he duns me, and at the ſame time vail it to an overgrown Deputy of the Ward, though a frowzy Fellmonger.

Court. To be forced to concur with his Non-ſence too, and laugh at his Pariſh Jeſts.

Beau. To uſe reſpects and ceremonies to the Milch-Cow his Wife, and praiſe her pretty Children, though they ſtink of their Mother, and are uglier than the iſſue of a Baboon, yet all this muſt be endured.

Court. Muſt it, *Beaugard?*

Beau. And ſince 'tis ſo, let's think of a Bottle.

Court. With all my Heart, for railing and drinking do much better together then by themſelves; a private room, a truſty Friend or two, good Wine and bold Truths, are my happineſs; but where's our dear Friend and intimate, *Sir Jolly*, this Evening?

Beau. To deal like a friend *Courtine*, I parted with him but juſt now, he's gone to contrive me a meeting if poſſible this Night with the Woman my ſoul is moſt fond of: *I* was this Evening juſt entering upon the Pallace of all Joy, when *I* met with ſo damnably a diſappointment —in ſhort, that Plague to all Well meaning Women, the Husband, came unſeaſonably, and forc't a poor Lover to his Heels, that was fairly making his progreſs another way *Courtine*, the Story thou ſhalt hear more at large hereafter.

Court. A Plague on him, why did'ſt thou not Murder the preſumptuous Cuckold? ſawcy intruding Clown? to dare to diſturb a Gentleman's privacies, I would have beaten him into Sence of his trangreſſion; injoy'd his Wife before his Face, and a taught the Dog his Duty.

Beau. Look you *Courtine*, you think you are dealing with the Landlord of your Winter Quarters in *Alſatia* now? friend, friend, there is a difference between a freeborn Engliſh Cuckold, and a ſneaking Wittal of a Conquered Province.

Court. Oh by all means! there ought to be a difference obſerved between your arbitrary Whoring, and your limited Fornication.

Beau. And but reaſon: for though we may make bold with another mans Wife in a friendly way: yet nothing upon compulſion, Dearheart.

Court. And now, *Sir Jolly*, I hope, is to be the inſtrument of ſome immortal Plot, ſome contrivance for the good of the body, and the old fellows ſoul, *Beaugard*, for all Cuckolds go to Heaven, that's moſt certain.

Beau. Sir Jolly! Why on my Conſcience he thinks it as much his undoubted Right to be Pimp-Maſter-General to *London* and *Middleſex*, as the Eſtate he poſſeſſes is, by my conſent his worſhip ſhould e'en have a Patent for it.

Court.

Court. He is certainly the fitteſt for the imployment in Chriſtendom; he knows more Families by their Names and Titles, than all the Bellmen within and without the walls.

Beau. Nay he keeps a Catalogue of the choiceſt Beauties about Town, illuſtrated with a particular account of their Age, Shape, proportion, colour of Hair and Eyes, degrees of Complexion, Gunpowder Spots and Moles.

Court. I wiſh the old Pander were bound to ſatisfy my experience; what marks of good nature my *Sylvia* has about her. [*Enter Sir* Jolly.

Sir Jolly. My Captains! my Sons of *Mars*, and Imps of *Venus*! well encountred, what ſhall we have a ſparkling Bottle or two, and uſe *Fortune* like a Jade? *Beaugard* you are a Rogue, you are a Dog, I hate you, get you gon, go.

Beau. But *Sir Jolly*, what news from *Paradiſe*, *Sir Jolly*? Is there any hopes I ſhall come there to Night?

Sir Jolly. May be there is, may be there is not; I ſay let us have a Bottle, and I will ſay nothing elſe without a Bottle, after a Glaſs or two my Heart may open.

Court. Why then we will have a Bottle, *Sir Jolly.*

Sir Jolly. Will? we'el have dozens, and drink till we're wiſe, and ſpeak well of no body, till we are lewder than midnight-whores, and ou-trail disbanded Officers.

Beau. Only one thing more, my noble Knight, and then we are entirely at thy diſpoſal.

Sir Jolly. Well, and what's that? what's the buſineſs?

Beau. This Friend of mine here ſtands in need of thy Aſſiſtance, he's damnably in Love, *Sir Jolly.*

Sir Jolly. In Love, is he ſo! in Love! 'ods my Life! is ſhe! what's her Name? where does ſhe live? I warrant you I know her, ſhe's in my Table-Book I'l warrant you: Virgin, Wife, or Widdow!

Pulls out a Table-Book.

Court. In troth *Sir Jolly*, that's ſomething a difficult queſtion; but as Virgins go now, ſhe may paſs for one of them.

Sir Jolly. Virgin very good: let me ſee; Virgin, Virgin, Virgin, oh here are the Virgins, truly I meet with the feweſt of this ſort of any, well, and the firſt Letter of her Name now! for a wager I gueſs her.

Court. Then you muſt know, *Sir Jolly*, that I love my Love with an *S.*

Sir Jolly. S. S. S. Oh here are the Eſſes, let me conſider now—*Sappho.*

Court. No ſir.

Sir Jolly. Selinda.

Court. Neither.

Sir Jolly. Sophronia.

Court. You muſt gueſs again, I aſſure you.

Sir

Sir Jolly. Silvia.

Court. Ay, Ay, Sir *Jolly*, that's the fatal Name, *Silvia*, the fair, the witty, the ill-natured, do you know her, my Friend?

Sir Jolly. Know her? Why ſhe is my Daughter, and I have adopted her theſe ſeven years: *Silvia*, let me look; Light Brown Hair, her Face Oval and Roman, quick ſparkling Eyes, plump pregnant Ruby Lips, with a Mole on her Breaſt, and the perfect likeneſs of a Heart-Cherry on her left Knee; Ah Villain! Ah ſly Cap! have I caught you; are you there i'faith? well, and what ſays ſhe? is ſhe coming? do her Eyes betray her? does her Heart beat, and her Bubbies riſe, when you talk to her, hah?———

Beau. Look you Sir *Jolly*, all things conſidered, it may make a ſhift to come to a Marriage in time.———

Sir *Jolly.* I'l have nothing to do in it, I won't be ſeen in the buſineſs of Matrimony; make me a Match-maker? a filthy Marriage Broker, Sir I ſcorn, I know better things; look you Friend, to carry her a Letter from you or ſo, upon good Terms, though it be in a Church I'l deliver it, or when the buſineſs is come to an iſſue, if I may bring you handſomely together, and ſo forth; I'l ſerve thee with all my Soul; and thank thee into the Bargain: thank thee heartily dear Rogue, I will you little Cock-ſparrow, faith and troth I will; but no Matrimony Friend, I'l have nothing to do with Matrimony; 'tis a damn'd invention, worſe than a Monopoly, and a deſtroyer of civil correſpondence.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Gentlemen your room is ready, your Wine and Ice upon the Table, will your Honours pleaſe to walk in?

Sir Jolly. Ay wine, wine, give us wine, a pox on Matrimony, Matrimony in the Devils name.

Court. But if an honeſt Harlot or two chance to enquire for us Friend.

Sir Jolly. Right Sirrah, if Whores come never ſo many, give 'em reverence, and reception, but nothing elſe, let nothing but Whores and Bottles come near us, as you tender your Ears.

[*They go within the Scene, where is diſcover'd Table and Bottles.*

Beau. Why there's, there's the Land of *Canaan* now in little, hark you Drawer, Dog, ſhut, ſhut the Door Sirrah, do you hear? ſhut it ſo cloſe that neither cares, nor neceſſities may peep in upon us.

[*Enter Sir Davy, Fourbin and Bloody Bones, Drawer.*]

Fourbin. Bloody-bones be you ſure to behave your ſelf handſomely, and like your profeſſion, ſhew your ſelf a Cut-Throat of parts, and we'l fleece him.

Bloody-

Blood. My Lady ſays, We muſt be expeditious, *Sir Jolly* has giv'n notice to the Capt. by this time, ſo that nothing is wanting but the management of this over-grown Gull to make us Hectors at large, and keep the Whore Fortune under.

Drawer. Welcome Gentlemen, very welcome Sir, wil't pleaſe you to walk into a Room? or ſhall I wait upon your Honours pleaſure here?

Sir Da. Sweet heart let us be private, and bring us Wine hither' ſo——— [*ſits down*

From this moment, War, War; and mortal dudgeon againſt that Enemy of my Honour, and Thief of my good Name called *Beaugard.* You can cut a Throat upon occaſion you ſay Friend.

Fourbin. Sir cutting of Throats is my Hereditary vocation, my Father was hang'd for cutting of Throats before me, and my Mother for cutting of Purſes.

Sir Da. No more to be ſaid, my Courage is mounted like a little *French*-man upon a great Horſe; and I'll have him murder'd.

Fourbin. Sir, Murder'd you ſay Sir?

Sir Da. Ay Murder'd I ſay Sir, his Face flay'd off, and nayl'd to a poſt in my great Hall in the Countrey, amongſt all the other Trophies of wild Beaſts ſlain by our Family ſince the Conqueſt: there's never a Whore-Maſters head there yet.

Fourbin. Sir for that let me recommend this worthy Friend of mine to your Service, he's an induſtrious Gentleman and one that will deſerve your Favour.

Sir Da. He looks but ſomthing ruggedly though methinks.

Fourbin. But Sir his Parts will attone for his Perſon; forms and faſhions are the leaſt of his ſtudy: he affects a ſort of Philoſophical negligence indeed, but Sir make trial of him, and you'l find him a Perſon fit for the work of this World.

Sir Da. What trade are you Friend?

Blood. No trade at all Friend, I profeſs Murder: Raſcally Butchers make a trade on't, 'tis a Centlemans Divertiſement.

Sir Da. Do you profeſs Murder?

Blood. Yes Sir, 'tis my Livelyhood: I keep a Wife and ſix Children by it.

Sir Da. Then Sir, here's to you with all my Heart; wou'd I had done with theſe Fellows.

Fourb. Well Sir if you have any Service for us, I deſire we may receive your Gold and your Inſtructions ſo ſoon as is poſſible.

Sir Da. Soft and fair Sweetheart, I love to ſee a little how I lay out my Money: have you very good trading now a days in your way Friend?

Blood. In peaceable times a man may eat and drink comfortably upon't, a private Murder done handſomely is worth Money: but now that the Nation's unſetled there are ſo many general undertakers: that 'tis grown almoſt a Monopoly, you may have a man Murder'd almoſt

for little or nothing, and no Body e're know who did it neither.

Sir Da. Pray what Country-man are you? where were you born, moſt Noble Sir?

Blood. Indeed my Country is Forreign, I was born in *Argier*; my Mother was an Apoſtate *Greek*, my Father a Renegado *Engliſh* Man, who by oppreſſing of Chriſtian Slaves grew Rich: for which when he lay ſick, I Murder'd him one day in his Bed: made my eſcape to *Malta*, where imbracing the Faith I had the Honour given me to command a thouſand Horſe aboard the Gallies of that State.

Sir Da. Oh Lord Sir! my humble Service to you again.

Fourbin. He tells you Sir but the naked Truth.

Sir Jolly. I doubt it not in the leaſt, moſt worthy Sir: theſe are deviliſh fellows I'l warrant 'em. [*Aſide.*

Fourb. War Friend, and ſhining Honour has bin our Province, till ruſty peace reduced us to this baſe obſcurity, Ah *Bloody Bones*! Ah when thou and I commanded that party at the Seige of *Philipsburgh*! where in the Face of the Army we took the impenetrable half Moon.

Blood. Half Moon Sir! by your Favour 'twas a whole Moon.

Fourbin. Brother thou art in the right, 'twas a full Moon, and ſuch a Moon Sir!———

Sir Da. I doubt it not in the leaſt Gentlemen, but in the mean while to our buſineſs.

Fourbin. With all my Heart, ſo ſoon as you pleaſe.

Sir Da. Do you know this *Beaugard*, he's a deviliſh fellow I can tell you but that, he's a Captain.

Fourbin. Has he a Heart think you Sir?

Sir Da. Oh like a Lion! he fears neither God, Man, nor Devil.

Blood. I'l bring it you for your Breakfaſt to Morrow, did you never eat a Mans Heart Sir?

Sir Da. Eat a Mans Heart Friend!

Fourb. Ah, Ay, a Mans Heart Sir, it makes abſolutely the beſt Raggouſt in the World. I have eaten forty of 'em in my time without Bread.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord! a Mans Heart! my humble ſervice to you Both Gentlemen.

Blood. Why your Algerine Pirates eat nothing elſe at Sea, they have them always potted up like Veniſon, your well-grown Dutchmans Heart makes an excellent Diſh with Oyl and Pepper.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord! oh Lord! Friend, Friend, a word with you: how much muſt you and your Companion have to do this buſineſs?

Fourb. What, and bring you the Heart home to your houſe?

Sir. *Dav.* No, no, keeping the Heart for your own eating, I'l be rid of 'em as ſoon as poſſible I can.

Fourb. You ſay Sir he's a Gentleman?——

Sir *Dav.* Ay ſuch a ſort of Gentlemen as are about this Town: the Fellow has a pretty handſome outſide, but I believe little or no money in his Pockets.

Fourb.

Fourb. Therefore we are like to have the honour to receive the more from your Worſhips bounty.

Blood. For my part I care for no mans bounty: I expect to have my bargain perform'd, and I'l make as good a one as I can.

Sir *Dav.* Look you Friend, don't you be angry Friend, don't be angry Friend before you have occaſion: you ſay you'l have——— let's ſee how much will you have now——— I warrant the Devil and all by your good will.

Fourb. Truly Sir *David*, if as you ſay, the Man muſt be well murder'd without any remorſe or mercy, betwixt Turk and Jew it is honeſtly worth two hundred pounds.

Sir *Dav.* Two hundred pounds! Why I'l have a Phyſitian ſhall kill a whole Family for half the money.

Blood. Damme Sir, how do ye mean?

Sir *Dav.* Damme Sir how do I mean? Damme Sir not to part with my money.

Blood. Not part Brother!

Fourb. Brother the Wight is improveable, and this muſt not be born withal.

Blood. Have I for this diſſolv'd Circean Charms? broke Iron durance: whilſt from theſe firm Legs the well fil'd uſeleſs Fetters dropt away, and left me Maſter of my native freedom.

Sir *Dav.* What does he mean now?

Fourb. Truely Sir I am ſorry to ſee it withall my heart, 'tis a diſt-raction that frequently ſeizes him, though I am ſorry it ſhould happen ſo unluckily at this time.

Sir *Dav.* Diſtracted ſay you! is he ſo apt to be diſtracted?

Fourb. Oh Sir rageing mad: we that live by Murder are all ſo: Guilt will never let us ſleep. I beſeech you Sir ſtand clear of him, he's apt to be very miſchievous at theſe unfortunate hours.

Blood. Have I been drunk with tender Infants blood? and ript up teeming Wombs? Have theſe bold hands ranſackt the Temples of the Gods, and ſtab'd the Prieſts before their Altars? Have I done this? hah!

Sir *Dav.* No Sir, not that I know Sir, I would not ſay any ſuch thing for all the World Sir, worthy Gentleman, I beſeech you Sir, you ſeem to be a civil perſon: I beſeech you Sir to mitigate his paſſion, I'l do any thing in the World, you ſhall command my whole Eſtate.

Fourb. Nay after all Sir, if you have not a mind to have him quite murder'd, if a ſwinging drubbing to bed-rid him, or ſo, will ſerve your turn, you may have it at a cheaper rate a great deal.

Sir *Dav.* Truly Sir, with all my heart, for methinks now I conſider matters better, I would not by any means be guilty of another mans blood.

Fourb. Why then let me conſider———to have him beaten ſubſtantially, a beating that will ſtick by him, will coſt you——— half the money.

Sir *Dav.* What one hundred pounds! Sure the Devil's in you, or you would not be ſo unconſcionable.

Blood. The Devil! where? where is the Devil? ſhew me; I'll tell thee *Belzebub* thou haſt broke thy Covenant, didſt thou not promiſe me eternal plenty, when I reſign'd my Soul to thy allurements.

Sir *Dav.* Ah Lord!

Blood. Touch me not yet: I've yet ten thouſand Murders to Act before I'm thine: with all thoſe ſins I'll come with full damnation to thy Caverns of endleſs pain, and howl with thee for ever.

Sir *Dav.* Bleſs us! what will become of this mortal Body of mine? Where am I? Is this a houſe? do I live? am I Fleſh and Blood?

Blood. There, there's the Fiend again! don't chatter ſo, and grin at me, if thou muſt needs have prey, take here, take him, this Tempter that would bribe me with ſhining Gold, to ſtain my hands with new iniquity.

Sir *Dav.* Stand off, *I* charge thee Satan, whereſoe're thou art, thou haſt no right nor claim to me, I'll have thee bound in Necromantick Charms. Heark you Friend, has the Gentleman given his Soul to the Devil?

Fourb. Only paun'd it a little: that's all.

Sir *Dav.* Let me beſeech you Sir to diſpatch, and get rid of him as ſoon as you can. I would gladly drink a Bottle with you Sir, but I hate the Devils company mortally, as for the hundred pound here, here it is ready; no more words, *I*'l ſubmit to your good nature and diſcretion.

Fourb. Then Wretch take this and make thy peace with the infernal King, he loves Riches, ſacrifice and be at reſt.

Blood. 'Tis done: I'l follow thee, lead on, nay if thou ſmile, I more defy thee; Fee, Fa, Fum. [*Exit.*

Fourb. 'Tis very odd this.

Sir *Dav.* Very odd indeed, I'm glad he's gone though.

Fourb. Now Sir, if you pleaſe we'll refreſh our ſelves with a chearful glaſs, and ſo *Chaque un chez lui*——I would fain make the Gull drunk a little to put a little mettle into him.

Sir *Dav.* With all my heart Sir, but no more words of the Devil, if you love me.

Fourb. The Devil's an Aſs Sir, and here's a Health to all thoſe that defy the Devil.

Sir *Dav.* With all my heart, and all his works too.

Fourb. Nay Sir, you muſt do me right I aſſure you.

Sir *Dav.* Not ſo full, not ſo full, that's too much of all Conſcience: in troth Friend theſe are ſad times, very ſad times: but here's to you.

Fourb. Pox o' the times, the times are well enough, ſo long as a man has money in his Pocket.

Sir *Dav.* 'Tis true, here I have been bargaining with you about a Murder, but never conſider that Idolatry is coming in full ſpeed upon the Nation, pray what Religion are you of Friend? *Fourb.*

Fourb. What Religion am I of sir? Sir your humble Servant.

Sir *Dav.* Truly a good Conscience is a great happiness; and so I'l pledg you, hemph, hemph, but shan't the Dog be Murdered this Night?

Fourb. My Brother Rogue is gone by this time to fet him, and the business shall be done effectually I'l warrant you, here's rest his soul.

Sir *Dav.* With all my Heart Faith, I hate to be uncharitable.

Enter Courtine, *and Drawer.*

Cour. Look you 'tis a very impudent thing not to be drunk by this time, shall Rogues stay in Taverns to sip Pints, and be Sober, when honest Gentlemen are drunk by Gallons, I'll have none on't.

Sir *Da.* Oh Lord, who's there? [*Sit up in his Chair.*

Drawer. I beseech your Honour, our house will be utterly ruin'd by this means.

Cour. Damne your house, your Wife and Children, and all your Family, you Dog!

Beau. Sir, who are you. [*To* Sir David.

Sir *Da.* Who am I Sir? what's that to you, Sir? will you tickle my Foot you Rogue!

Cour. I'll tickle your Guts you Paultroon presently.

Sir *Da.* Tickle my Guts you Mad-Cap, I'll tickle your Toby if you do.

Cour. What with that circumcis'd Band? That grave hypocritical Beard, of the reformation Cut? Old Fellow, I believe you are a Rogue.

Sir *Da.* Sirrah you are a Whore, an errant Bitch-Whore, I'll use you like a Whore, I'll kiss you, you Jade, I'll Ravish you, you Buttuck, I am a Justice of the Peace, Sirrah, and that's worse.

Court. Dam you, Sir, *I* care not if you were a Constable and all his Watch; what, such a Rogue as you send honest Fellows to prison, and countenance Whores in your Jurisdiction for bribery, you Mongrel, I'll beat you, Sirrah, I'll brain you, I'll murder you, you Moon-Calf. [*Throws the Chairs after him.*

Sir *Da.* Sir, Sir, Sir, Constable, Watch, stokes, stokes, stokes, murder——— [*Ex.*

Cour. Huzza, *Beaugard*! [*Enter* Beaugard, Sir Jolly.

Four. Well, Sir, the business is done, we bave bargain'd to Murder you.

Beau. Murder'd! whose to be murder'd? ha, *Fourbin!*

Sir *Jol.* You are to be murder'd, Friend, you shall be murder'd Friend.

Beau. But how am I to be murder'd? Who's to murder me, I beseech you?

Four. Your humble Servant, *Fourbin*, I am the man with your worships leave, Sir *David*, has given me this Gold to do it handsomely.

Beau.

Beau. Sir *David!* uncharitable Cur, what Murder an honeſt Fellow for being civil to his Family? What can this mean Gentlemen?

Sir *Jol.* No, 'tis for not being Civil to his Family, that it means Gentleman, therefore are you to be murder'd to Night, and buried a-Bed with my Lady, you Jack Straw, you.

Beau. I underſtand you Friends, the old Gentleman has deſign'd to have me butcher'd, and you have kindly contriv'd to turn it to my advantage in the affair of Love. I am to be murder'd but as it were Gentlemen, hah!

Four. Your Honour has a piercing Judgment: Sir, Captain *Courtines* gone.

Beau. No matter, let him go, he has a deſign to put in practice this Night too, and would perhaps but ſpoil ours; but when, Sir *Jolly*, is this buſineſs to be brought about?

Sir *Jol.* Preſently, 'tis more than time 'twere done already, go, get you gone I ſay; hold, hold, let's ſee your left Ear firſt, hum——— ha———you are a Rogue, y'are a Rogue, get you gone, get you gone, go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Covent-Garden *Piazza.*

Enter Sylvia *and Maid in the Balcony.*

Maid. But why Madam, will you uſe him ſo inhumanely? I'm confident he loves you.

Sylv. Oh! a true Lover is is to be found out like a true Saint by the Trial of his patience; have you the Cords ready.

Maid. Here they are, Madam.

Sylv. Let 'em down, and be ſure when it comes to Trial, to pull luſtily; is *Will.* the Footman ready?

Will. At your Ladyſhips command, Madam.

Sylv. I wonder he ſhould ſtay ſo long, the Clock has ſtruck twelve.

Enter Courtine.

Court. Sings.

And was ſhe not frank and free,
And was ſhe not kind to me,
To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,
And give her key to me, to me:
To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,
And give her key to me.

Sylv. This muſt be he: Ay 'tis he, and as I am a Virgin roaring drunk, but if I find not a way to make him ſober———

Court. Here, here's the Window: Ay, that's Hell-door, and my damnation's in the inſide: *Sylvia, Sylvia, Sylvia:* Dear Imp of Satan appear to thy Servant.

Sylv.

Sylv. Who calls on *Sylvia* in this dead of night, when rest is wanting to her longing Eyes.

Cour. 'Tis a poor wretch can hardly stand upright, drunk with thy Love, and if he falls he lies.

Sylv. Courtine, is't you?

Court. Yes, Sweet-Heart, 'tis I, art thou ready for me?

Sylv. Fasten your self to that Cord there; there, there it is.

Court. Cord! where? Oh, oh, here, here, so now to Heav'n in a string.

Sylv. Have you done?

Court. Yes, I have done Child, and wou'd fain be doing too Hussy.

Sylv. Then pull away, hoa up, hoa up, hoa up, so avast there, Sir.

Court. Madam.

Sylv. Are you very much in in Love, Sir?

Court. Oh damnably Child, damnably.

Sylv. I'm sorry for't with all my heart, good Night Captain.

Court. Ha gone, what left in *Erasmus* Paradise between Heav'n and Hell? If the Constable should take me now for a straggling Monkey hung by the Loins, and hunt me with his cry of Watchmen! Ah Woman, Woman, Woman, well a merry Life, and a short, that's all.

Sings. *God prosper long our Noble King,*
Our Lives and Safeties all.

I am mighty loyal to Night.

Enter Fourbin, *and Bloody-bones, as from* Sir Davids *House.*

Fourb. Murder, Murder, Murder! help, help, Murder.

Court. Nay, if there be murder stirring, 'tis high time to shift for my self. [*Climbs up to the Balcony.*

Sylv. (*Squeaking,*) A h h h h!

Blood. Yonder, yonder he comes, murder, murder, murder.

[*Ex.* Blood, *and* Fourbin.

Enter Sir David.

Sir *Da.* 'Tis very Late; but Murder is a Melancholly business, and Night is fit for't, I'll go home. [*Knocks.*

Verm. Who's there?

Sir *Da.* Who's there? open the door you Whelp of Babylon.

Verm. Oh Sir, y'are Welcome home; but here is the saddest news! here has been murder committed, Sir.

Sir *Da.* Hold your Tongue you Fool, and go to sleep, get you in, do you hear, you talk of Murder you Rogue? you meddle with State-Affairs? Get you in.

The

The Scene opens the middle of the Houſe, and diſcovers Sir Jolly *and the* Lady *putting* Beaugard *in order as if he were dead.*

Sir *Jol.* Ly ſtill, ly ſtill you Knave, cloſe, cloſe when I bid you, you had beſt queſt, and ſpoil the ſport, you had!

Beau. But pray how long muſt I lye thus?

Lady D. I'll warrant you, you'll think the time mighty tedious.

Beau. Sweet Creature, who can counterfeit Death when you are near him?

Sir *Jol.* You ſhall Sirrah, if a body deſires you a little, ſo you ſhall, we ſhall ſpoil all elſe, all will be ſpoil'd elſe Man, if you do not: Stretch out longer, longer yet, as long as ever you can, ſo, ſo, hold your breath, hold your breath, very well. [*Enter Maid.*

Mai. Madam, here comes Sir *David.*

Sir *Jol.* Odds ſo, now cloſe again as I told you, cloſe you Divel, now ſtir if you dare; ſtir but any part about you if you dare now; odd I hit you ſuch a rap if you do, lye ſtill, lye you ſtill.

[*Enter* Sir David.

Sir *Da.* My Dear, how doſt thou do, my Dear? I am come.

Lady D. Ah Sir! what is't y'ave done? Y'ave ruin'd me, your Family, your Fortune, all is ruin'd, where ſhall we go, or whither ſhall we flye?

Sir *Da.* Where ſhall we go, why we'll go to bed you little Jackadandy, why you are not a Wench you Rogue, you are a Boy, a very Boy, and I love you the better for't, Sirrah, hei! ——

Lady D. Ah Sir, ſee there.

Sir *Da.* Bleſs us, a man! and bloody! what upon my Hall Table!

Lady D. Two Ruffians brought him in juſt now, pronouncing the inhumane deed was done by your command, Sir *Jolly* came in the diſtracting Minute, or ſure I had dy'd with my diſtracting Fears, how could you thing on a revenge ſo horrid?

Sir *Da.* As I hope to be ſav'd Neighbour I only bargain'd with 'em to Baſtinado him in a way, or ſo, as one Friend might do another; but do you ſay that he is dead?

Sir *Jol.* Dead, dead as Clay; ſtark ſtiff and uſeleſs all, nothing about him ſtirring, but alls cold and ſtill, I knew him a luſty fellow once, a very metteled Fellow, 'tis a thouſand pitties.

Sir *Da.* What ſhall I do? I'l throw my ſelf upon him, kiſs his wide wounds, and weep till blind as Buzzard.

Lady D. Oh come not near him, there's ſuch horrid Antipathy follows all murders, his wounds would ſtream afreſh ſhou'd you but touch him.

Sir *Da.* Dear Neighbour, Deareſt Neighbour, Friend, Sir *Jolly*, as you love Charity pity my wretched Caſe, and give me Counſell, I'l give my Wife and all my Eſtate to have him live again, or ſhall I bury him in the Arbour at the upper end of the Garden.

Sir

Sir *Jol.* Alas a day Neighbour, never think on't, never think on't, the dogs will find him there, as they ſcrape holes to bury bones in, there is but one way that I know of.

Sir *Da.* What is it dear Neigbour, what is it? you ſee I am upon my knees to you, take all I have and eaſe me of my fears.

Sir *Jol.* Truly the beſt thing that I can think of, is putting of him to bed, putting him into a warm bed, and try to fetch him to life again, a warm bed is the beſt thing in the World, my Lady may do much too, ſhe's a good Woman, and as I've been told, underſtands a green wound well.

Sir *Da.* My dear, my dear, my dear!

Lady D. Bear me away, oh ſend me hence far off, where my unhappy name may be a ſtranger; and this ſad accident no more remember'd to my diſhonour.

Sir *Da.* Ah but my Love! my Joy! are there no bowels in thee?

Lady D. What would you have me do?

Sir Da. Prithee do ſo much as try thy skill, there may be one drachm of life left in him yet, take him up to thy Chamber, put him into thy own bed, and try what thou can'ſt do with him; prithee do, if thou can'ſt but find motion in him, all may be well yet, I'l go up to my Cloſet in the Garret, and ſay my prayers in the mean while.

Lady D. Will ye then leave this ruine on my hands?

Sir *Da.* Pray, pray my Dear; I beſeech you Neighbour help to perſwade her if it be poſſible.

Sir *Jol.* Faith Madam do, try what you can do, I have a great fanſie you may do him good: who can tell but you may have the gift of ſtroaking; pray Madam be Perſwaded.

Lady D. I'l do what e'r's your Pleaſure.

Sir *Da.* That's my beſt Dear: I'l go to my Cloſet and pray for thee heartily. Alas, alas, that ever this ſhould happen——— [*Exit.*

Beaug. So, is he gone, Madam, my Angel!

Sir *Jol.* What no thanks, no reward for old *Jolly* now? Come hither Huſſie, you little *Canary*-bird, you little Hop o' my thumb, come hither: make me a Curt'ſie, and give me a kiſs now, hah! give me a kiſs I ſay, odd I will have a kiſs, ſo I will, I will have a kiſs if *I* ſet on't; ſhoogh, ſhoogh, get you into a corner when I bid you, ſhoogh, ſhoogh, ſhoogh, what there already?

[*She goes to* Beaugard.

Well, I ha' done, *I* ha' done, this 'tis to be an old Fellow now.

Beau. And will you ſave the life of him y'ave wounded?

Lady D. Dare you truſt your ſelf to my skill for a Cure?

[Sir *Davy appears at a Window above.*

Sir *Jol.* Hiſt! hiſt! cloſe, cloſe, *I* ſay again, yonder's Sir *Davy*, odds ſo!

Sir *Da.* My Dear, my dear! my dear!———

Lady D. Who's that calls? my Love, is't you?

Sir Da. Ah ſome comfort, or my heart's broke: is there any hopes

yet? I've try'd to say my Prayers and cannot: if he be quite dead, *I* shall never pray again; Neighbour, no hopes?

Sir *Jol.* Truly little or none, some small pulse I think there is left, very little, there's nothing to be done if you dont pray, get you to prayers, whatever you do, get you gone, nay don't stay now, shut the Window *I* tell you.

Sir *Da.* Well this is a great trouble to me, but good night.

Sir *Jol.* Good night to you dear Neighbour.

Get ye up get ye up, and be gone into the [*to* Beaugard *and Lady* D.] next room, presently, make haste: but don't steal away till I come to you, be sure ye remember, don't ye stir till I come; Pish, none of this bowing and fooling, it but loses time, I'l only bolt the door that belongs to Sir *Davy*'s Lodgings, that he may be safe, and be with you in a twinkle, Ah, h, h, h! so now for the door, very well, Friend you are fast. [*Bolts the door.*

Sings. *Bonney Lass gan thoo wert mine,*
And twenty thoosand poends aboot thee, &c.

ACT. V.

Courtine *bound on a Couch in* Sylvia's *Chamber.*

Cour. HEigho! heigho! ha! where am *I*? was I drunk or no last night? something leannig that way. But where the Devil am *I*? sincerely in a Bawdy-House: Fogh! what a smell of sin is here! let me look about; if there be ever a *Geneva* Bible or a Practice of Piety in the room, *I* am sure *I* have guest right. What's the matter now! ty'd fast! bound too! what tricks have *I* play'd to come into this condition! *I* have lighted into the Territories of some merrily dispos'd Chamber-maid or other, and she in a witty fit forsooth hath trust me up thus, has she pinn'd no rags to my tail, or chalkt me upon the back trow? would *I* had her Mistress here at a venture.

Sylv. What would you do with her, my enchanted Knight, if you had her? you are too sober for her by this time, next time you get drunk you may perhaps venture to scale her Balcony like a valiant Captain as you are.

Cour. Hast thou done this my dear destruction? and am *I* in thy Limbo? *I* must confess when I am in my Beer, my Courage does run away with me now and then: but let me loose and thou shalt see what a gentle humble Animal thou hast made me. Fie upon't, what tie me up like an ungovernable Cur to the frame of a table, let, let thy poor dog loose, that he may fawn and make much of thee a little.

Sylv. What with those Paws which you have been ferreting *Moor-*

fields

fields withal, and are very dirty ſtill? after you have been daggling your ſelf abroad for prey, and can meet with none, you come ſneaking hither for a cruſt, do you?

Maid. Shall *I* fetch the Whip and the Bell, Madam? and flaſh him for his roguery ſoundly?

Cour. Indeed, indeed! do you long to be ferking of man's fleſh, Madam Flea-trap? does the Chaplain of the Family uſe you to the exerciſe, that you are ſo ready for it?

Sylv. If you ſhould be let looſe, and taken into favour now; you would be for rambling again ſo ſoon as you had got your liberty?

Cour. Do but try me, and if ever *I* prove recreant more, let me be beaten and us'd like a dog in good earneſt.

Sylv. Promiſe to grant me but one requeſt, and it ſhall be done.

Cour. Hear me but Swear.

Sylv. That any body may do ten thouſand times a day.

Cour. Upon the word of a Gentleman, nay as *I* hope to get Mony in my Pocket.

Sylv. There *I* believe him *Lelye*; you'l keep your Word you ſay.

Cour. If *I* don't, hang me up in that Wenches old Garters.

Sylv. See Sir, you have your freedom.

Cour. Well now name the price; what muſt *I* pay for't?

Sylv. You know Sir, conſidering our ſmall acquaintance, you have been pleaſed to talk to me very freely of love matters.

Cour. *I* muſt confeſs, *I* have been ſomething to blame that way, but if ever thou heareſt more of it from my mouth after this nights adventure, would *I* were well out of the Houſe!

Sylv. Have a care of ſwearing, *I* beſeech you, for you muſt underſtand, that ſpight of my teeth, *I* am at laſt fallen in love moſt unmercifully.

Cour. And doſt thou imagine I am ſo hard-hearted a Villain as to have no compaſſion of thee.

Sylv. No, for *I* hope he's a man you can have no exceptions againſt.

Cour. Yes, yes, the man is a man, I'le aſſure you, that's one comfort.

Sylv. Who do you think it may be now? try if you can gueſs him.

Cour. Whoever he is, he's an honeſt fellow I'le warrant him, and *I* believe will not think himſelf very unhappy neither.

Sylv. If a Fortune of 5000 pounds, pleaſant nights, and quiet days can make him happy, *I* aſſure you he may be ſo, but try once to gueſs at him.

Cour. But if *I* ſhould be miſtaken.

Sylv. Why, who is it you would wiſh me to?

Cour. You have 5000 pound you ſay?

Sylv. Yes.

Cour. Faith Child, to deal honeſtly *I* know well enough who 'tis *I*

wiſh for, but Sweet-heart before I tell you my inclinations, it were but reaſonable that I knew yours.

Sylv. Well Sir, becauſe I am confident you will ſtand my friend in the buſineſs, I'l make a diſcovery, and to hold you in ſuſpence no longer, you muſt know I have a months-mind to an Arm-full of your dearly beloved friend and brother Captain, what ſay you to't?

Cour. Madam your humble Servant, good buy, that's all.

Sylv. What thus cruelly leave a Lady that ſo kindly took you in in your laſt nights pickle into her Lodging, whither would you rove now, my Wanderer?

Cour. Faith Madam, you have dealt ſo gallantly in truſting me with your paſſion, that I cannot ſtay here without telling you, that I am three times as much in love with an acquaintance of yours, as you can be with any friend of mine.

Sylv. Not with my waiting Woman I hope, Sir.

Cour. No, but it is with a certain Kinſewoman of thine Child, they call her my Lady *Dunce*, a *I* think this is her Houſe too, they ſay ſhe will be civil upon a good occaſion, therefore prithee be charitable, and ſhew the way to her Chamber a little.

Sylv. What commit Adultery Captain, fie upon't! What hazzard your ſoul!

Cour. No, no, only venture my body a little, that's all; look you you know the ſecret, and may imagine my deſires, therefore as you would have me aſſiſt your inclinations, pray be civil and help me to mine, look you, no demurring upon the matter, no qualms, but ſhew me the way, or you Huſſie, you ſhall do't, any Baw'd will ſerve at preſent, for *I* will go.

Sylv. But you ſhan't go, Sir.

Cour. Shan't go, Lady?

Sylv. No, ſhan't go, Sir; did *I* not tell you when once you had got your liberty, that you would be rambling again.

Cour. Why Child, would'ſt thou be ſo uncharitable to tie up a poor Jade to an empty Rack in thy Stable, when he knows where to go elſewhere and get provender enough?

Sylv. Any muſty Provender, *I* find, will ſerve your turn, ſo you have it but cheap, or at another mans charges.

Cour. No Child, I had rather my Ox ſhould graze in a Field of my own, than live hide-bound upon the Common, or run the hazzard of being Pounded every day for Treſpaſſes.

Sylv. Truly all things conſider'd, 'tis a great pity ſo good a Huſband-man as you ſhould want a Farm to cultivate.

Cour. Would'ſt thou be but kind, and let me have a Bargain in a Tenement of thine, to try how it would agree with me.

Sylv. And would you be contented to take a Leaſe for your Life.

Cour. So pretty a Lady of the Mannor and a moderate Rent.

Sylv. Which you'l be ſure to pay very punctually.

Cour. If thou doubteſt my honeſty, faith e'en take a little earneſt before-hand.

Sylv.

Sylv. Not ſo haſty neither, good Tenant; *Imprimis*, You ſhall oblige your ſelf to a conſtant reſidence, and not by leaving the Houſe uninhabited, let it run to repairs.

Cour. Agree'd.

Sylv. Item, For your own ſake you ſhall promiſe to keep the Eſtate well fenc't, and encloas'd, leſt ſome time or other your Neighbours Cattle break in and ſpoil the Crop on the Ground Friend.

Cour. Very juſt and reaſonable, provided I don't find it lie too much to Common already.

Sylv. Item, You ſhall enter into ſtrict Covenant, not to take any other Farm upon your hands, without my conſent and approbation, or if you do, that then it ſhall be lawful for me to get me another Tenant, how and where I think fit.

Cour. Faith that's ſomething hard though, let me tell you but that Landlady.

Sylv. Upon theſe terms we'll draw Articles.

Cour. And when ſhall we Sign 'em?

Sylv. Why this morning, as ſoon as the ten a Clock Office in *Covent-garden* is open.

Cour. A bargain, but how will you anſwer your Entertainment of a drunken Red-coat in your Lodgings at theſe unſeaſonable hours?

Sylv. That's a ſecret you will be hereafter obliged to keep for your own ſake, and for the Family, your Friend *Beaugard* ſhall anſwer for us there.

Cour. Indeed I fancy'd the Rogue had miſchief in his head, he behav'd himſelf ſo ſoberly laſt night, has he taken a Farm lately too.

Sylv. A treſpaſſer, I believe, if the truth were known, upon the Provender you would fain have been biting at juſt now.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, Madam, have a care of your ſelf; I ſee Lights in the great Hall, whatever is the Matter, Sir *Davy* and all the Family are up.

Cour. I hope they'l come and catch me here: Well, now you have brought me into this condition, what will you do with me, hah!

Sylv. You won't be contented for a while to be ty'd up like a Jade to an empty Rack without Hay, will you?

Cour. Faith e'n take me, and put thy mark upon me quickly, that if I light in ſtrange hands they may know me for a Sheep of thine.

Sylv. What by your wanting a Fleece do you mean? If it muſt be ſo, come follow your Shepherds B a a a. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Davy *and* Vermin.

Sir Da. I cannot ſleep, I ſhall never ſleep again, I have pray'd too ſo long, that were I to be hang'd preſently, I have never a prayer left

left to help my ſelf, I was no ſooner lay'n down upon the Bed juſt now, and faln into a ſlumber, but methought the Devil was carrying me down *Ludgate hill* a Gallop, ſix puny Fiends with flaming Fire-forks running before him like Link-boys, to throw me headlong into *Fleet-ditch*, which ſeemed to be turned into a lake of Fire and Brimſtone; would it were Morning. –

Verm. Truly, Sir, it has been a very diſmal night.

Sir. Da. But did'ſt thou meet never a white thing upon the Stairs?

Verm. No, Sir, not I, but methoughts I ſaw our great Dog *Towzer*, with his great Collar on, ſtand at the Cellar-door as I came along the old Entry.

Sir Da. It could never be, *Towzer* has a Chain, had this thing a Chain on?

Verm. No Sir, no Chain; but it had Towzers eyes for all the World.

Sir Da. What, ugly great frightful eyes?

Verm. Ay, Ay, huge ſaucer eyes, but mightily like Towzers.

Sir Da. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! heark! heark!

Verm. What! what I beſeech you Sir?

Sir. Da. What's that upon the ſtairs? didſt thou hear nothing? hiſt, heark, pat, pat, pat, heark, heh!

Verm. Hear nothing! where Sir.

Sir Da. Look! Look! what's that! what's that! in the corner there?

Verm. Where?

Sir Da. There.

Verm. What upon the Iron Cheſt?

Sir Da. No, the long black thing up by the old Clock-caſe, ſee! ſee! now it ſtirs, and is coming this way.

Verm. Alas Sir, ſpeak to it, you are a Juſtice o' peace, I beſeech you, I dare not ſtay in the Houſe: I'l call the Watch and tell 'em Hell's broke looſe, what ſhall I do? oh! [*Exit.*

Sir Da. Oh *Vermin*, if thou art a true Servant have pity on thy Maſter, and do not forſake me in this diſtreſſed condition. Satan be gone, I defie thee, I'll repent and be ſav'd, I'l ſay my prayers, I'l go to Church; help! help! help! was there any thing, or no? in what hole ſhall I hide my ſelf? [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Jolly, Fourbin *and* Bloody-bones.

Sir Jol. That ſhou'd be Sir *Davy*'s voice, the waiting Woman indeed told me he was afraid and could not ſleep, prettty Fellows, pretty Fellows both, ya've done your buſineſs handſomly, what I'll warrant you have been a Whoring together now, hah! You do well, you do well, I like you the better for't, what's a Clock?

Four. Near four, Sir, 'twill not be day yet theſe two hours.

Sir Jol. Very well, but how got ye into the Houſe?

Fourb.

Fourb. A ragged retainer of the Family, *Vermin* I think they call him, let us in as Phyſitians ſent for by your Order.

Sir Jol. Excellent Rogues! and then I hope all things are ready as I gave Directions.

Fourb. To a tittle, Sir, there ſhall not be a more critical Obſerver of your Worſhips pleaſure than your humble Servant the Chevalier *Fourbin!*

Sir Jol. Get you gone you Rogue, you have a ſharp Noſe, and are a nimble Fellow, I have no more to ſay to you, ſtand aſide, and be ready when I call, here he comes, hiſt, hem, hem, hem.

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir *Da.* Hah! what art thou? approach thou like the rugged *Bankſide Bear*, the *Eaſtcheap-bull*, or Monſter ſhewn in Fair, take any ſhape but that, and I'l confront thee.

Sir *Jol.* Alas unhappy Man! *I* am thy Friend.

Sir *Da.* Thou can'ſt not be my Friend, for I defy thee. Sir *Jolly*! Neighbour! hah! is it you? are you ſure it is you? are you your ſelf? if you be, give me your hand. Alas a day *I* ha' ſeen the Devil.

Sir *Jol.* The Devil, Neighbour!

Sir *Da.* Ay, Ay, there's no help for't, at firſt *I* fancy'd it was a young white Bears Cub danceing in the ſhadow of my Candle, then it was turn'd to a pair of blew Breeches with wooden legs on, ſtampt about the room as if all the Cripples in Town had kept their Rendezvouz there, when all of a ſudden it appear'd like a leathern Serpent, and with a dreadful clap of Thunder flew out of the Window.

Sir *Jol.* Thunder! Why I heard no Thunder.

Sir *Da.* That may be too, what were you aſleep?

Sir *Jol.* Aſleep quotha, no, no, no ſleeping this Night for me I aſſure you.

Sir *Da.* Well what's the beſt news then? How does the Man?

Sir *Jol.* E'en as he did before he was born, nothing at all, he's Dead.

Sir *Da.* Dead! what quite dead!

Sir *Jol.* As good as dead, if not quite dead, 'twas a horrid Murder, and then the terrour of Conſcience, Neighbour.

Sir *Da.* And truly I have a very terrifi'd one, Friend, though I never found *I* had any Conſcience at all till now. Pray whereabout was his death's wound?

Sir *Jol.* Juſt here, juſt under his left Pap, a dreadful gaſh.

Sir *Da.* So very wide!

Sir *Jol.* Oh, as wide as my Hat, you might have ſeen his Lungs, Liver and Heart, as perfectly, as if you had been in his Belly.

Sir *Da.* Is there no way to have him privately Buried, and conceal this Murder? muſt I needs be hang'd by the neck like a Dog, Neighbour? do I look as if I would be hang'd?

Sir

Sir *Jol.* Truly, Sir *Davy*, I muſt deal faithfully with you, you do look a little ſuſpiciouſly at preſent; but have you ſeen the Devil, ſay you?

Sir Da. Ay ſurely, it was the Devil, nothing elſe could have frighted me ſo.

Sir Jol. Bleſs us, and guard us all the Angels, what's that?

Sir Da. Poteſtati ſempiterna cujus benevolentiâ ſervantur gentes, & cujus miſericordia. } *Kneels, holding up his hands, and mut'ring as if he pray'd.*

Sir Jol. Neighbour, where are you, Friend, Sir *Davy?*

Sir Da. Ah, what ever you do, be ſure to ſtand cloſe to me, where, where is it?

Sir Jol. Juſt, juſt there, in the ſhape of a Coach and ſix Horſes againſt the wall.

Sir Da. Deliver us all, he won't carry me away in that Coach and ſix will he?

Sir Jol. Do you ſee it?

Sir Da. See it! plain, plain, dear friend adviſe me what I ſhall do? *Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly,* do you hear nothing? Sir *Jolly,* Hah! has he left me alone! *Vermin.*

Vermin. Sir.

Sir Da. Am I alive? doſt thou know me again? Am I thy *Quondam* Maſter, Sir *Davy Dunce*?

Verm. I hope I ſhall never forget you, Sir.

Sir Da. Didſt thou ſee nothing?

Verm. Yes, Sir, methought the Houſe was all o' fire as it were.

Sir *Da.* Did'ſt thou not ſee how the Devils grin'd and gnaſht their teeth at me, *Vermin?*

Verm. Alas, Sir, I was afraid one of 'em would have bit off my Noſe, as he vaniſht out of the door.

Sir *Da.* Lead me away, I'l go to my Wife, I'l die by my own dear Wife; run away to the Temple and call Councellor my Lawyer, I'l make over my Eſtate preſently, I ſhant live till Noon, I'l give all I have to my Wife, Hah *Vermin*!

Verm. Truly, Sir, ſhe's a very good Lady.

Sir *Da.* Ah much, much too good for me *Vermin*, thou canſt not imagine what ſhe has done for me Man, ſhe would break her heart if I ſhould give any thing away from her, ſhe loves me ſo dearly: Yet if I do die, thou ſhalt have all my old Shoes.

Verm. I hope to ſee you live Many a fair day yet though.

Sir *Da.* Ah, my Wife, my poor Wife, lead me to my poor Wife.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene draws and diſcovers Sir Jolly, Beaugard, *and* Lady *in her Chamber.*

Lady D. What think you now of a cold wet March over the Mountains, your men tir'd, your Baggage not come up, but at night a dirty

dirty watry Plain to Encamp upon, and nothing to ſhelter you, but an old Leager Cloak as tatter'd as your Colours? is not this much better now than lying wet and getting the Sciattica?

Beaug. The hopes of this made all Fatigue eaſie to me, the thoughts of *Clarinda* have a thouſand times refreſht me in my ſolitude, when e're I Marcht, I fancy'd ſtill it was to my *Clarinda!* when I fought, I imagin'd it was for my *Clarinda*, but when I came home, and found *Clarinda* loſt!——how could you think of waſting but a night in the rank ſurfeiting arms of this foul feeding Monſter; this rotten trunck of a Man, that lays claim to you.

Lady D. The perwaſion of Friends, and the Authority of Parents!

Beaug. And had you no more Grace, than to be rul'd by a Father and Mother?

Lady D. When you were gone, that ſhould have given me better Counſel, how could I help my ſelf?

Beaug. Methinks then you might have found out ſome cleanlier ſhift to have thrown away your ſelf upon, than nauſeous old age, and unwholſome deformity.

Lady D. What upon ſome overgrown full fed Country Fool, with a Horſe Face, a great ugly Head, and a great fine Eſtate, one that ſhould have been drain'd and ſqueez'd, and jolted up and down the Town in Hacknies with Cheats and Hectors, and ſo ſent home at three o' Clock every Morning like a lolling Booby, ſtinking, with a belly full of ſtumm'd Wine, and nothing in's Pockets.

Beaug. You might have made a tractable Beaſt of ſuch a one, he would have been young enough for Training.

Lady D. Is youth then ſo gentle, if age be ſtubborn? Young-men like Springs wrought by a ſubtile work-man, eaſily ply to what their wiſhes preſs 'em, but the deſire once gone that kept 'em down, they ſoon ſtart ſtreight again, and no ſign's left which way they bent before.

Sir Jolly. *at the door peeping.*

Sir Jolly. So, ſo, who ſays I ſee any thing now? I ſee nothing not I, I don't ſee, I don't ſee, I don't look, not ſo much as look, not I. [*Enters.*

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir Da. I will have my Wife, carry me to my Wife, let me go to my Wife, I'l live and die with my Wife, let the Devil do his worſt; Ah, my Wife, my Wife, my Wife!——

Lady D. Alas, alas, we are ruin'd, ſhift for your ſelf, counteferit the dead Corps once more, or any thing.

Sir *Da.* Hah! whoſoe're thou art, thou can'ſt not eat me, ſpeak to me, who has done this? thou can'ſt not ſay I did it.

Sir Jol. Did it, did what? here's no body ſays you did any thing that

know, Neighbour, what's the matter with you? what ailes you? whither do you go? whither do you run? I tell you here's no body says a word to you.

Sir Da. Did you not see the Ghost just now?

Sir Jol. Ghost! prithee now, here's no Ghost, whither would you go? I tell you, you shall not stir one foot farther Man, the Devil take me if you do; Ghost, prithee here's no Ghost at all, a little flesh and blood indeed there is, some old, some young, some alive, some dead, and so forth, but Ghost! Pish, here's no Ghost.

Sir Da. But, Sir, If I say I did see a Ghost, I did see a Ghost, and you go that, why sure I know a Ghost when I see one: Ah my Dear, if thou had'st but seen the Devil half so often as I have seen him.

Lady D. Alas, Sir *Davy*, if you ever lov'd me, come not, oh come not near me, I have resolv'd to waste the short Remainder of my Life in Penitence, and taste of Joys no more.

Sir Da. Alas my poor Child, but do you think then there was no Ghost indeed?

Sir Jol. Ghost! Alas a day, what should a Ghost do here?

Sir Da. And is the man dead?

Sir Jol. Dead, Ay, ay, stark dead, he's stiff by this time.

Lady D. Here you may see the horrid ghastly Spectacle, the sad effects of my too rigid Vertue, and your too fierce Resentment——

Sir Jol. Do you see there?

Sir Da. Ay, ay, I do see, would I had never seen him, would he had lain with my Wife in every House between *Charing-Cross* and *Ald-Gate*, so this had never happen'd.

Sir Jol. In Troth, and would he had, but we are all mortal Neighbour, all mortal, to day we are here, to morrow gone, like the shadow that vanisheth, like the grass that withereth, or like the Flower that fadeth, or indeed like any thing, or rather like nothing; but we are all mortal.

Sir Da. Heigh!——

Lady D. Down, down that trap door, it goes into a bathing-Room, for the rest, leave it to my Conduct.

Sir Jol. 'Tis very unfortunate that you should run your self into this premunire, Sir *David*.

Sir Da. Indeed, and so it is.

Sir *Jol.* For a Gentleman, a man in Authority, a person in years, one that used to go to Church with his Neighbours.

Sir *Da.* Every Sunday, truly Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* Pay Scot and Lot to the Parish.

Sir *Da.* Six pounds a year to the very Poor, without abatement or deduction; 'tis very hard, if so good a Common-Wealths-man should be brought to ride in a Cart at last, and be hang'd in a Sunshiny morning, to make Butchers and Suburb Apprentices a Holy-day; I'll e'en run away.

Sir *Jol.* Run away! why then your estate will be forfeited, you'l lose your Estate man.

Sir

Sir *Da.* Truly, you ſay right, Friend, and a Man had better be half hang'd than loſe his Eſtate, you know.

Sir *Jol.* Hang'd! no, no, I think there's no great fear of Hanging neither; what, the Fellow was but a ſort of an unaccountable Fellow, as I heard you ſay.

Sir *Da.* Ay, ay, a Pox on him, he was a Souldierly ſort of a Vagabond, he had little or Nothing but his ſins to live upon: If I could have had but Patience, he would have been hang'd within theſe two Months, and all this miſchief ſav'd.

Beaugard *Riſes up like a Ghoſt at a trap door, juſt before* Sir Davy.

Sir *Da.* Ah Lord! the Devil, the Devil, the Devil.

[*Falls upon his Face.*

Sir *Jol.* Why, Sir *Davy*, Sir *Davy*, what ailes you? What's the matter with you?

Sir *Da.* Let me alone, let me lie ſtill, I will not look up to ſee an Angel, O h h h.

Lady D. My Dear, why do you do theſe cruel things to affright me? Pray riſe and ſpeak to me.

Sir *Da.* I dare not ſtir, I ſaw the Ghoſt again juſt now.

Lady D. Ghoſt again! what Ghoſt? Where?

Sir *Da.* Why, there, there.

Sir *Jol.* Here has been no Ghoſt.

Sir *Da.* Why did you ſee nothing then?

Lady D. See nothing! no, nothing but one another.

Sir *Da.* Then I am enchanted, or my end near at hand, Neighbour, for Heaven's ſake Neighbour adviſe me what I ſhall do to be at reſt.

Sir *Jol.* Do! why what think you if the Body were removed?

Sir *Da.* Remov'd! I'd give a hundred pound the Body were out o' my Houſe; may be then the Divel wou'd not be ſo impudent.

Sir *Jol.* I have diſcover'd a door place in the Wall, betwixt my Ladies Chamber and one that belongs to me, if you think fit, we'll beat it down and remove this troubleſome lump of Earth to my Houſe.

Sir *Da.* But will ye be ſo kind?

Sir *Jol.* If you think it may by any means be ſerviceable to you.

Sir *Da.* Truly if the Body were remov'd, and diſpos'd of privately, that no more might be heard of the matter——I hope he'l be as good as his word.

Sir *Jol.* Fear nothing, I'll warrant you, but in troth, I had utterly forgot one thing, utterly forgot it.

Sir *Da.* What's that?

Sir *Jol.* Why it will be abſolutely neceſſary that my Lady ſtaid with me at my Houſe for one day; till things were better ſetled.

Sir *Da.* Ah, Sir *Jolly!* whatever you think fit! any thing of mine that you have a mind to; pray take her, pray take her, you shall be very welcome; hear you, my deareſt, there is but one way for us to get rid of this untoward buſineſs, and Sir *Jolly* has found it out, therefore by all means go along with him, and be rul'd by him, and whatever Sir *Jolly* would have thee do, e'en do it, ſo heaven proſper ye, good b'w'y, good b'w'y, till I ſee you again. [*Exit.*

Sir *Jol.* This is certainly, the civileſt Cuckold in City, Town, or Country.

Bean. Is he gone? [*Steps out.*

Lady D. Yes, and has left poor me here.

Bean. In troth, Madam, 'tis barbarouſly done of him, to commit a horrid murder on the Body of an innocent poor Fellow, and then leave you to ſtem the danger of it.

Sir *Jol.* Odd an I were as thee Sweet-heart, I'd be reveng'd on him for it, ſo I would: Go get ye together, ſteal out of the houſe as ſoftly as you can, I'll meet ye in the *Piazza* preſently, go, be ſure ye ſteal out of the Houſe, and don't let Sir *Davy* ſee you.

The Scene ſhuts, and Sir Jolly *comes forwards.*

Enter Bloody-bones.

Bloody-bones.

Blood. I am here, Sir.

Sir *Jol.* Go you and *Fourbine* to my Houſe preſently, bid Monſieur *Fourbin* remember that all things be ordered according to my directions, tell my Maids too I am coming home in a trice, bid 'em get the great Chamber, and the Banquet I ſpoke for Ready preſently, and d'ye hear, carry the Minſtrels with ye too, for I'm reſolv'd to rejoyce this morning, let me ſee———Sir *Davy.*

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir *Da.* Ay Neighbour, 'tis *I*; is the buſineſs done? *I* cannot be ſatisfi'd till *I* am ſure, have you remov'd the body, is it gone?

Sir *Jol.* Yes, yes, my Servants convey'd it out of the Houſe juſt now; well Sir *Davy*, a good morning to you: *I* wiſh you your health with all my Heart Sir *Davy*, the firſt thing you do though, I'd have you ſay your prayers by all means if you can.

Sir *Da.* If *I* can poſſibly, I will.

Sir *Jol.* Well, God b'w'y [*Exit Sir* Jolly.

Sir *Da.* God b'w'y heartily, good Neighbour——— *Vermine, Vermine.*

Enter

Enter Vermin.

Verm. Did your Honour call?

Sir *Da.* Go run, run presently over the Square, and call the Constable presently, tell him here's Murder committed, and that I must speak with him instantly ——— I'll e'en carry him to my Neighbours, that he may find the dead body there, and so let my Neighbour be very fairly hang'd in my stead, hah! a very good jest as I hope to live, ha, ha, ha; hey, what's that?

Watchmen at the Door. Almost 4 a Clock and a dark cloudy morning, good morrow my Masters all, good morrow.

Enter Constable, *and* Watch.

Const. How's this! a door open, come in Gentlemen, ——— ah, Sir *Davy*, your Honours humble servant! I and my Watch going my morning Rounds, and finding your door open made bold to enter to see there were no danger, your Worship will excuse our care, a good morning to you, Sir.

Sir *Da.* Oh Mr. Constable, I'm glad you're here, I sent my man just now to call you, I have sad news to tell you, Mr. Constable.

Const. I am sorry for that, Sir, sad news!

Sir Da. Oh ay, sad news, very sad news truly: here has been murder committed.

Const. Murder; if that's all, we are your humble servants, Sir, we'll bid you good morrow, murder's nothing at this time o' night in *Covent-Garden*.

Sir Dav. Oh but this is a horrid bloody murder, done under my Nose, I cannot but take notice of it; though I am sorry to tell you the Authors of it, very sorry truly.

Const. Was it committed here near hand?

Sir Da. Oh at the very next door, a sad murder indeed; after they had done they carried the body privately into my Neighbour *Jollies* House here, I am sorry to tell it you Mr. Constable, for I am afraid it will look but scurvily on his side; though I am a Justice o' Peace Gentlemen, and am bound by my Oath to take notice of it, I can't help it.

1 *Watch.* I never lik'd that Sir *Jolly*.

Const. He threatned me t'other day, for carrying a little dirty draggle-tail'd Whore to Bridewell, and said she was his Cousin, Sir; if your Worship thinks fit, we'll go search his house.

Sir Da. Oh by all means, Gentlemen, it must be so, Justice must have its course, the Kings leige Subjects must not be destroy'd, *Vermin*, carry Mr. Constable and his Dragons into the Cellar, and make 'em drink, I'll but step into my Study, put on my Face of Authority, and call upon ye instantly.

All.

All Watchm. We thank your honour.

Scene changes to Sir Jollies, *A Banquet.*

Enter Sir Jolly, Beaugard, *and Lady* Dunce.

Sir Jol. So, are ye come? I am glad on't, odd y'are welcome, very welcome, odd ye are, here's a ſmall Banquet, but I hope 'twill pleaſe you, ſit ye down, ſit ye down, both together, nay, both together: A Pox o' him that parts ye, I ſay.

Beaug. Sir *Jolly*, this might be an Entertainment for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, were they living.

Sir *Jolly.* Piſh! A Pox of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, they are dead and rotten long ago, come, come, time's but ſhort, time's but ſhort, and muſt be made the beſt uſe of; for.

Youth's a flower that ſoon does fade,
And life is but a ſpan,
Man was for the Woman made,
And Woman made for Man.

Why now we can be bold, and make merry, and friſk, and be briſk, rejoice and make a noiſe, and——odd, I am pleas'd, mightily pleas'd, odd I am.

Lady D. Really, Sir *Jolly*, you are more a Philoſopher than I thought you were.

Sir Jol. Philoſopher, Madam! Yes, Madam, I have read Books in my time; odd *Ariſtotle*, in ſome things, had very pretty Notions, he was an underſtanding Fellow. Why don't ye eat, odd an' ye don't eat,—here Child, here's ſome Ringoes, help, help your Neighbour a little, odd they are very good, very comfortable, very cordial.

Beaug. Sir *Jolly*, your Health.

Sir Jol. With all my heart, old Boy.

Lady D. Dear Sir *Jolly* what are theſe? I never taſted of theſe before.

Sir Jol. That! eat it, eat it, eat it when I bid you; odd 'tis the root Satyrion, a very precious Plant, I gather 'em every *May* my ſelf, odd they'l make an old Fellow of ſixty-five cut a Caper like a Dancing Maſter; give me ſome Wine: Madam, here's a health, here's a health Madam, here's a health to honeſt Sir *Davy*, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha. [*Dance.*

Enter Bloody-bones.

Blood. Sir, Sir, Sir! What will you do? yonder's the Conſtable and all his Watch at the Door, and threatens demolliſhment, if not admitted preſently.

Sir

Sir Jol. Odds ſo! odds ſo! the Conſtable and his Watch! what's to be done now? get ye both into the Alcove there, get ye gone quickly, quickly, no noiſe, no noiſe, d'ye hear the Conſtable and his Watch! A Pox on the Conſtable and his Watch, what the Devil have the Conſtable and his Watch to do here?

Enter Conſtable, Watch, *and Sir* Davy. *Scene ſhuts,* *Sir* Jolly *comes forward.*

Conſt. This way, this way, Gentlemen, ſtay one of ye at the door, and let no body paſs, do you hear? Sir *Jolly*, your ſervant.

Sir Jol. What this outrage, this diſturbance committed upon my Houſe and Family; Sir, Sir, Sir! What do you mean by theſe doings ſweet Sir? hoh!———

Conſt. Sir having received information that the Body of a murder'd Man is conceal'd in your Houſe, I am come, according to my duty, to make ſearch and diſcover the truth,———ſtand to my aſſiſtance, Gentlemen.

Sir Jol. A murder'd man, Sir!

Sir Da. Yes a murder'd Man Sir, *Sir Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, I am ſorry to ſee a perſon of your Character and Figure in the Pariſh concern'd in Murder, I ſay.

Sir Jol. Here's a Dog! here's a Rogue for you, here's a Villain, here's a Cuckoldy Son of his Mother, I never knew a Cuckold in my life, that was not a falſe Rogue in his heart, there are no honeſt Fellows living but Whore-maſters; heark you, Sir, what a Pox do you mean? you had beſt play the Fool and ſpoil all, you had, whats all this for?

Sir Da. When your Worſhip's come to be hang'd you'l find the meaning on't, Sir; I ſay once more, ſearch the Houſe.

Conſt. It ſhall be done, Sir, come-a-long Friends.

[*Exit* Conſtable *and* Watch.

Sir Jol. Search my Houſe, oh Lord, ſearch my Houſe, what will become of me? I ſhall loſe my Reputation with Man and Woman, and no body will ever truſt me again: Oh Lord, ſearch my Houſe, all will be diſcover'd do what I can; I'l ſing a Song like a dying Swan, and try to give 'em warning.

Go from the Window, my Love, my Love, my Love,
Go from the Window my Dear,
The Wind and the Rain
Has brought 'em back again,
And thou can'ſt have no Lodging here.

Oh Lord, ſearch my Houſe!

Sir Da. Break down that door, I'll have that Door broke open, break down that door, I ſay. [*Knocking within.*

Sir

Sir Jol. Very well done, break down my doors! break down my walls, Gentlemen: plunder my House! ravish my Maids! Ah curst be Cuckolds, Cuckolds, Constables and Cuckolds.

Scene draws and discovers Beaugard *and Lady* Dunce.

Beaug. Stand off, by Heav'n the first that comes here comes upon his death.

Sir Da. Sir, your humble Servant, I am glad to see you are alive again with all my heart; Gentlemen, here's no harm done Gentlemen, here's no body murder'd Gentlemen, the Man's alive again Gentlemen, but here's my Wife Gentlemen, and a fine Gentleman with her, Gentlemen and Mr. Constable, I hope you'l bear me witness Mr. Constable.

Sir Jol. That he's a Cuckold, Mr. Constable. [*Aside.*

Beaug. Hark ye, ye Curs, keep off from snapping at my heels, or I shall so league ye. ——

Sir Jol. Get ye gone ye Dogs, ye Rogues, ye night Toads of the Parish Dungeon, disturb my House at these unseasonable hours, get ye out of my doors, get ye gone, or I'l brain ye, Dogs, Rogues, Villains. [*Exeunt* Constable *and* Watch.

Beaug. And next for you Sir Coxcomb, you see I am not Murder'd, though you paid well for the performance; what think you of bribing my own Man to Butcher me.

Enter Fourbin *and* Bloody-bones.

Look ye Sir, he can cut a Throat upon occasion, and here's another dresses a man's heart with Oyl and Pepper, better than any Cook in Christendome.

Fourb. Will your Worship please to have one for your Breakfast this morning?

Sir Da. With all my heart, Sweet-heart, any thing in the World, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha, this is the purest sport, ha ha ha.

Enter Vermin.

Verm. Oh, Sir, the most unhappy and most unfortunate news! There has been a Gentleman in Madam *Sylvia*'s Chamber all this night, who just as you went out of doors, carry'd her away, and whither they are gone, no body knows.

Sir Da. With all my heart, I am glad on't Child, I would not care if he had carry'd away my House and all, Man; unhappy news quotha! poor Fool, he does not know I am a Cuckold, and that any body may make bold with what belongs to me, ha, ha, ha; I am so pleas'd, ha, ha, ha. I think I was never so pleas'd in all my life before, ha, ha, ha.

Beaug.

Beaug. Nay, Sir, I have a hank upon you, there are Laws for Cutthroats, Sir, and as you tender your future credit, take this wrong'd Lady home, and uſe her handſomly, uſe her like my Miſtreſs, Sir, do you mark me, that when we think fit to meet again, I hear no complaint of you, this muſt be done Friend.

Sir Jol. In troth, and it is but reaſonable, very reaſonable in troth.

Lady. D. Can you, my Dear, forgive me one misfortune?

Sir Da. Madam, in one word, I am thy Ladyſhips, moſt humble Servant and Cuckold, Sir *Davy Dunce* Kt. Living in *Covent Garden*; ha, ha, ha, well this is mighty pretty, ha, ha, ha.

Enter Sylvia *followed by* Courtine.

Sylv. Sir *Jolly*, ah Sir *Jolly*, protect me or I'm ruin'd.

Sir *Jol.* My little Minikin, is it thy ſqueek?

Beaug. My dear *Courtine*, welcome.

Sir *Jol.* Well Child, and what would that wicked fellow do to thee Child? hah Child, Child, what would he do to thee?

Sylv. Oh, Sir, he has moſt inhumanely ſeduc'd me out of my Uncle's Houſe, and threatens to marry me.

Court. Nay, Sir, and ſhe having no more grace before her eyes neither, has e'en taken me at my word.

Sir *Jol.* In troth, and that's very uncivilly done: I don't like theſe Marriages, I'll have no Marriages in my Houſe, and there's an end on't.

Sir Da. And do you intend to marry my Niece, Friend?

Court. Yes, Sir, and never ask your conſent neither.

Sir Da. In troth, and that's very well ſaid, I am glad on't with all my heart, Man, becauſe ſhe has five thouſand pound to her Portion, and my Eſtate's bound to pay it; well, this is the happieſt day, ha, ha, ha.

Here take thy Bride, like Man and Wife agree,
And may ſhe prove as true——as mine to me. Ha, ha, ha.

Beaug. Courtine, I wiſh thee Joy, thou art come opportunely to be a Witneſs of a perfect Reconcilement between me and that worthy Knight, Sir *Davy Dunce*, which to preſerve inviolate, you muſt, Sir, before we part enter into ſuch Covenants for performance as I ſhall think fit.

Sr Da. No more to be ſaid, it ſhall de done Sweet-heart, but don't be too hard upon me, uſe me gently as thou did'ſt my Wife, gently, ha, ha, ha; a very good Jeſt, i'faith, ha, ha, ha, or if he ſhould be cruel to me Gentlemen, and take this advantage over a poor Cornuto, to lay me in a Priſon, or throw me in a Dungeon, at leaſt

I hope amongſt all you, Sirs, I ſhan't fail
To find one Brother-Cuckold out for Bail.

PROLOGUE, by the Lord *Falkland.*

FOrſaken Dames with leſs concern reflect
On their inconſtant Hero's cold neglects,
Than we (provok'd by this Ungrateful Age,)
Bear the hard Fate of our abandon'd Stage;
With grief we ſee you raviſht from our Arms,
And Curſe the Feeble Vertue of our Charms:
Curſe your falſe hearts, for none ſo falſe as they,
And curſe the Eyes that ſtole thoſe hearts away.
Remember Faithleſs Friends there was a time,
(But oh the ſad remembrance of our Prime!)
When to our Arms with eager Joys ye flew,
And we believ'd your treach'rous Hearts as true
As e're was Nimph of ours to one of you:
*But a more pow'rful * Saint enjoys ye now;*
Fraught with ſweet ſins and abſolutions too:
To her are all your pious Vows addreſt,
She's both your Loves, and your Religion's Teſt,
The faireſt Prelate of her time, and beſt.
We own her more deſerving far then we,
A juſt excuſe for your inconſtancy.
Yet 'twas unkindly done to leave us ſo:
Firſt to betray with Love, and then undo,
A horrid Crime y'are all addicted to.
Too ſoon, alas, your Appetites are cloy'd,
And Phillis *rules no more, when once enjoy'd:*
But all raſh Oaths of Love and conſtancy,
With the too ſhort forgotten Pleaſures dye,
Whilſt ſhe, poor Soul, robb'd of her deareſt eaſe,
Still drudges on, with vain deſire to pleaſe;
And reſtleſs follows you from place to place,
For Tributes due to her Autumnal Face:
Deſerted thus by ſuch ungrateful men,
How can we hope you'l e're return agen?
Here's no new Charm to tempt ye as before,
Wit now's our only Treaſure left in ſtore,
And that's a Coyn will paſs with you no more:
You who ſuch dreadful Bullies would appear,
(True Bullyes! quiet when there's danger near)
Shew your great Souls in damning Poets here.

* Pope Joan.

Epilogue

Epilogue.

With the discharge of Passions much oppress,
Disturb'd in Brain, and pensive in his Breast,
Full of those thoughts which make th' unhappy sad,
And by Imagination half grown mad,
The Poet led abroad his Mourning Muse,
And let her range, to see what sport she'd chuse.
Strait like a Bird got loose, and on the Wing,
Pleas'd with her freedom, she began to Sing;
Each Note was Eccho'd all the Vale along,
And this was what she utter'd in her Song.
Wretch, write no more for an uncertain fame,
Nor call thy Muse, when thou art dull, to Blame:
Consider with thy self how th'art Unfit
To make that Monster of Mankind, a Wit:
A Wit's a Toad, who swell'd with silly pride,
Full of himself, scorns all the World beside;
Civil would seem, though he good manners lacks,
Smiles on all faces, rails behind all backs:
If e're good natur'd, nought to Ridicule,
Good nature melts a Wit into a Fool;
Plac'd high, like some Jack-Pudding in a Hall
At Christmas Revels, he makes sport for all.
So much in little praises he delights,
But when he's angry draws his Pen and Writes:
A Wit to no man will his dues allow,
Wits will not part with a good Word that's due:
So who e're Ventures on the Ragged Coast
Of starving Poets, certainly is lost,
They rail like Porters at the Penny-Post.
At a new Author's Play see one but sit,
Making his snarling froward face of Wit,
The Merit he allowes, and Praise he grants,
Comes like a Tax from a poor Wretch that wants.
O Poets, have a care of one another,
There's hardly one amongst ye true to t'other:

Like

EPILOGUE.

Like Trincalo's *and* Stephano's *ye Play*
The lewdeſt tricks, each other to betray.
Like Foes detract, yet flatt'ring friend-like ſmile,
And all is one another to beguile
Of Praiſe, the Monſter of your Barren Iſle.
Enjoy the Proſtitute ye ſo admire,
Enjoy her to the full of your deſire,
Whilſt this poor Scribler wiſhes to retire,
Where he may ne're repeat his Follies more,
But Curſe the Fate that wrack't him on your Shore.
Now you, who this day as his Judges ſit,
After y'ave heard what he has ſaid of Wit,
Ought for your own ſakes not to be ſevere,
But ſhew ſo much to think he meant none here.

FINIS.